

The Nation

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EDITORIAL

FOR A NEW COALITION

In Paris in 1968 they cried "L'imagination au pouvoir," and in Washington last week a liberated imagination of personal dignity and sexual identity seized power and transformed the imperial capital into a gay place. The sheer magnitude of the National March for Lesbian and Gay Rights, the exultant passion of the half-million or so participants and onlookers and the searing presence of pain and loss from AIDS combined to give the several events of the protest a sense of flight and historical sweep beyond the few days on the ground. Closets of the mind opened wide and the marchers could imagine for a moment what a liberated life was like.

At the same time, it was clear that there will be no easy march to that freedom. If the protest demonstrated one thing it was the necessity of political action to give substance to dreams of equality. Here at once were a statement that gays and lesbians would enter the national electoral arena with a bid for empowerment, an assumption of their rightful place in the progressive community and a demand that issues of civil rights and health care be heard.

The forces of Reaganism and the moralistic majority have used the AIDS epidemic to extend their offensive against sexual minorities, which is part of the wider war against women, people of color, the poor—and the left. The state of siege, however, gives inexorable logic to the argument for joint action. Steve Ault, an organizer of the march, said after the event that the presence of Eleanor Smeal of NOW, Cesar Chavez of the farm labor movement and, most important, Jesse Jackson, brings millions of aggrieved, angry and active Americans into a common cause. "No struggle against discrimination and oppression will win without the power of coalition," Ault asserted. There is more power in the combination he proposes than anyone yet imagines.

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RECOVERING THE BURIED STALIN YEARS

DEV MURARKA

Mikhail Gorbachev has given a powerful personal boost to the de-Stalinization campaign. Speaking to a gathering of media and artists' union executives at the Communist Party Central Committee offices on July 10, the General Secretary declared in unequivocal terms: "I think we must never forgive or justify what happened in 1937 and 1938. Never. It is those who were in office at the time who are to blame for it."

This was the first time Gorbachev referred so directly to the repression under Joseph Stalin, though still without naming him. Although he also argued that a balanced view of the development of the Soviet Union during the past seventy years must be taken, Gorbachev made his anti-Stalin rationale quite clear by adding, in sympathy with three important groups: "We know what 1937 and 1938 cost us and how that hit the staff in the Party, the intellectuals and the servicemen."

This represented a considerable shift from Gorbachev's position of a year ago, articulated at a meeting with Soviet writers, when he had urged caution in raising the question of Stalin, apprehensive that this might give rise to bitter disputes and divisions in the society. Why this shift? The short answer would be that he had come to accept that without demolishing the tenacious vestiges of Stalinism in the minds of the people, there could be no reconstruction of the mass social consciousness.

The first significant indications of this new course came in an article by Georgi Smirnov in *Pravda* on March 13, which inaugurated an intensive campaign against the Stalinist bases of

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LETTERS.

THE NEW RADICALS

Princeton, N.J.

As someone who has been on the Princeton University faculty since 1961, I was both intrigued and disturbed by Russell Jacoby's piece "Radicals in Academia," in the September 19 *Nation*. Jacoby is certainly correct to note that higher education in this country is in a depressed state, suffering an entropic decline of alarming proportions.

At the same time, I think his main lines of diagnosis are wrong. He suggests a certain repressive discipline on the part of mainstream custodians of academic excellence and a wearing down of 1960s radicalism by way of careerism. I share this part of his assessment as well, although it is asserted somewhat too definitely, at least in his article, as if there are no countertendencies.

My central difficulty with Jacoby's analysis is his insistence on equating radicalism with Marxism in its various hues. Obviously, Marxist and neo-Marxist thinking remain the central intellectual tradition of radical thought, but it has been considerably supplemented by an emerging amalgam of radical thinking associated with deep ecology, feminism, green politics and various styles of decentralist and grass-roots democratization. These intellectual explorations at the frontier attract interest within universities and do often generate the rending consequences of mainstream backlash. They also represent the forms of radicalism to which students in the 1980s respond with enthusiasm and, often, engagement.

Let me put the point differently. Without belittling the Marxist presence, I think radicalism in American culture has reached a post-Marxist phase that partly reflects disenchantment with the record of the old left and partly responds to an enlarged agenda of radicalism (human survival, environmental consciousness, distrust of state power, distrust of dogmatic intellectual claims from any source, and an ethos guided by feminist and nonviolent thinking).

It is notable that there is more civil resistance throughout the United States in the 1980s than at the height of the Vietnam anti-war movement, but those going to jail are overwhelmingly outside the sphere of Jacoby's image of radicalism. They are mainly religious radicals, animated by the teachings of Jesus and Gandhi, relying on conscience and a spiritual view of fundamental change. One underlying impulse in the new social movements is the search for the forms and substance of transnational democracy, a development that could be at the center of the political stage early in the next century.

In essence, then, radicalism persists in university settings, but Marxist lines of thinking no longer generate that much excitement. Yet why be surprised? This is also true elsewhere in the political life of the culture.

Richard Falk

JACOBY REPLIES

Venice, Calif.

One reminder and several points: Inasmuch as "Radicals in Academia" was a six-page excerpt from a 280-page book, *The Last Intellectuals* (Basic Books), my longer discussion might allay some of Richard Falk's doubts. Neither in the *Nation* essay nor in the book do I confine my analysis to the fifty-seven varieties of Marxism. I absolutely do not insist that we equate radicalism and Marxism. I use as benchmarks radicals like Edmund Wilson, Lewis Mumford, Paul Goodman, Murray Bookchin and Dwight Macdonald. Although these individuals are not Marxists, I see the same problem: few younger successors with the same command of the vernacular.

Though he thinks I do, I in fact have no quarrel with Falk's observation that today it is not an exhausted or technical Marxism but ecology, feminism and religion that generate resistance and political action. But this sidesteps the issue with which I'm dealing, the decay of public intellectuals, especially in left habitats. Falk says that the new social movements "attract interest within universities," but that's vague and unconvincing. Where are its younger intellectuals?

Of course, perhaps the issue should be sidestepped or abandoned as obsolete. One might argue these movements do not have—or need—intellectuals of the old type, or they have yet to produce their own. Important propositions, but I am skeptical. The left is always tempted to announce that the protest just beyond the horizon is decisive, new, unprecedented. Falk says the "transnational democracy" movement may shape the politics of the next century. In my reading, one critical weakness of American radicalism is its endemic localism—social movements that remain confined to one city or parts of one state. In the absence of public left intellectuals, how will the new social movements escape this fate?

Russell Jacoby

IVORY TOWER LOCKUP

Philadelphia

In his article "Radicals in Academia" Russell Jacoby argues quite correctly that professors place their careers in jeopardy when they go public with radical ideas. Radical public intellectuals, to use Jacoby's name for them, are those who both speak to an audience beyond the campus and in their writings ratify the doubts and demands of those outside it rather than reinforce the hegemonic line of those within. Taken separately, these two stances pose no threat; academia is studded both with media stars who broadcast establishment palavar across the land and with radicals who speak only to themselves. It is the radicals who reach out who confront careening careers. The cost to the individual professor is real enough, but it

is matched by a cost to the public, which, in losing a sympathetic academic, has lost access to university resources, a point of entry for participation in university affairs and an affirming voice in public debate. Academic freedom is of value not only to academics but to the constituencies with which academics identify, be they consumer and labor groups or corporate and military groups.

It is no accident that the increasing corporate and military takeover of the universities has strengthened the academic freedom of those sympathetic to these interests while it has endangered the freedom of radical public intellectuals whose sympathies lie with those in opposition: environmentalists, labor advocates, consumerists, feminists, civil rights activists, antimilitarists, critics of U.S. foreign policy, etc. Political firings have become routine of late; in 1982 the Bureau of National Affairs reported that First Amendment suits against universities brought by professors fired for political reasons had matched the level reached during the McCarthy period. Unfortunately, neither the American Association of University Professors nor the American Civil Liberties Union—nor the myriad academic professional organizations—is prepared or inclined to act to protect the constitutional rights of radical public intellectuals (and most academics tacitly accept the surrender of these rights as a condition of employment and career advancement). Typically, therefore, radical public intellectuals are forced to defend themselves in isolation, at great expense and with little hope of success. The National Coalition for Universities in the Public Interest, a nonprofit advocacy organization founded in 1984 to combat corporate and military control over the universities in the interest of the public, which pays the academics' bills, has now undertaken a litigation campaign on behalf of academics and the constituencies they serve. It is currently involved in six cases, including my own lawsuit against the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. N.C.U.P.I. is committed to making the struggle against academic repression a collective rather than individual effort and is prepared to provide financial and organizational support for embattled professors, including those who insist on being radical public intellectuals. For information contact Leonard Minsky, Executive Director, N.C.U.P.I., P.O. Box 18372, Washington, DC 20036 (202) 639-8860. David F. Noble

The Nation welcomes letters—typed, double spaced and no longer than 300 words, please. Longer letters may be edited for reasons of space. Our policy is to publish as many letters as space permits, but inevitably a backlog develops, so please bear with us.

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EDITORIALS.

The Unfree Press

The White House said that President Reagan's October 7 speech to the Organization of American States was "intended as a conciliatory gesture," and that is how much of the U.S. media played it. In fact, each Reagan utterance on Nicaragua seems to come adrift from a new anchor of reality. This time it was press freedom. Assailing the Sandinistas for "granting temporary freedoms in order to placate world opinion," Reagan said: "*La Prensa* and Radio Católica have been

allowed to reopen, but the other independent papers remain closed." How's that again? For years now, the entire symbolic value of *La Prensa* has rested on the notion that it is the country's only independent paper (leaving aside, for the moment, the fact that it receives funding from the National Endowment for Democracy). Perhaps Reagan thinks the Sandinistas, to comply with the Central American peace plan, should revive Somoza's old daily, *Novedades*.

Even as Reagan was speaking, Corazon Aquino was shutting down three opposition radio stations in the Philippines for much the same reason the Sandinistas had given for closing *La Prensa*—for lending support to an armed movement

seeking to overthrow the government. The State Department thought this was fine. The double standard is another reminder that press freedom is the most elastic of yardsticks, the most vulnerable to the talents of the propagandist. Some cases become international causes célèbres; others just settle into the almost inaudible background hum of daily abuse. This second category often affects friends of *The Nation*.

In August, Chilean author and frequent *Nation* contributor Ariel Dorfman was briefly barred from returning home. Two other distinguished Chilean journalists, Marcelo Contreras and Sergio Marras of the opposition magazine *Apsi*, have been in jail since late August, charged under the catch-all Article 284 of the Code of Military Justice that Chile's barbarian regime has used widely to silence its critics. *Apsi* is one of several Latin American magazines working with InterNation, the consortium set up by *The Nation* earlier this year to publish investigative reports worldwide. Its offense was to print a satirical special issue called "The Thousand Faces of Pinochet," with a cover depicting the dictator as Louis XIV. Contreras and Marras have been refused bail while the government conducts what it calls a "psychopolitical analysis" of the magazine.

While the Chilean military can resort to Article 284, the United States has to make do with that old standby, the 1952 McCarran-Walter Act. Its latest victim is another InterNation collaborator, Hugo Alfaro, director of Uruguay's leading weekly, *Brecha*. Alfaro had planned a trip to New York City last month to cover the U.N. General Assembly and visit *The Nation*. But his visa request was denied under Section 212 (a) (28) (C) of the act, which bars "aliens who are members of or affiliated with . . . the Communist or any other totalitarian party . . . of any foreign state."

As Alfaro told the U.S. Embassy, he belongs to the Frente Amplio ("Broad Front"), a coalition of Socialists, Christian Democrats, Communists and a number of independents, like himself. The suggestion that he belongs to the Communist Party, he told us, is "absurd and totally unfounded"—not that it should be any obstacle to his right to enter the United States. However, when you have an "absolute commitment to freedom," as Reagan told his skeptical audience at the O.A.S., arcane details like the beliefs of Uruguayan editors and the nature of the independent press in Nicaragua only get in the way.

Follow-up

Almost a year ago, the Federal Bureau of Prisons opened a subterranean Female High Security Unit in the basement of the Federal Correctional Unit in Lexington, Kentucky. The prison within a prison was designed to house women considered too dangerous for other Federal facilities. As William A. Reuben and Carlos Norman reported in *The Nation* of June 27 [see "The Women of Lexington Prison"], the first two inmates, Susan Rosenberg, a self-proclaimed revolutionary, and Alejandrina Torres, a Puerto Rican nationalist, were in-

terned under extraordinarily harsh conditions. On August 25, the National Prison Project of the American Civil Liberties Union issued a scathing eleven-page report on the Lexington H.S.U., which found that treatment of the women was "cruel"; that their constitutional rights to freedom of speech and assembly and due process of law were being violated; and that they were being subjected to "unfair and unconstitutional coercion" to disavow past political ties.

Responding to this indictment, the new director of the Bureau of Prisons, J. Michael Quinlan, met with Alvin Bronstein, executive director of the National Prison Project, and two of its staff counsel, Adjoa Aiyetoro and Alexa Freeman, on October 5. Quinlan agreed to close down the unit within nine months and to improve conditions for the present five inmates in the meantime.

Representative Robert W. Kastenmeier, chair of the Judiciary Subcommittee on Courts, Civil Liberties and the Administration of Justice, said in a statement on October 9 that he was satisfied that the Bureau of Prisons "is committed to improving what were intolerable living conditions at the Lexington High Security Unit . . . and that in the long run the bureau will pursue an alternative facility altogether."

Mary O'Melveny, Rosenberg's attorney, was not so sanguine. She told Reuben that "the B.O.P. felt compelled to take this step because of all the varied public outrage about the unit." But its failure to transfer the women immediately suggested an "intention to continue with such inhumane experiments in a new prison setting which has not developed the stigma of the H.S.U."

The closing of the H.S.U. was a tribute to the effectiveness of the National Prison Project inquiry, not to mention the power of public opinion expressed in thousands of letters to the Bureau of Prisons from *Nation* readers and other citizens. But vigilance should be maintained to insure that the H.S.U. is not revived in another form.

Memories of HUAC

The fortieth anniversary of the opening of House Un-American Activities Committee hearings on "alleged Communist infiltration" of the motion picture industry occurred recently. On October 19, to be exact. It is not a date I celebrate, but I'll never forget it; my father, Bartley C. Crum, was one of the lawyers for the "Unfriendly 19," and as a result his life—and the life of our family—was irrevocably changed.

The Unfriendly 19 were screenwriters, directors and producers such as Waldo Salt, Dalton Trumbo, John Howard Lawson, Ring Lardner Jr., Bertolt Brecht, Edward Dmytryk, Robert Rossen, Howard Koch and Adrian Scott. They had been subpoenaed by committee chair J. Parnell Thomas to appear in front of HUAC in Washington to testify about their political beliefs. But they all denounced the subpoenas and maintained they would never cooperate with Thomas's "inquisition."

My father saw the fight to resist HUAC as a chance to test

the Constitution. The idea excited him. The whole thing was strictly a civil liberties matter, he told Dmytryk and Scott when they asked him to represent them. "There is nothing to be afraid of," he said.

He was a gentle, gallant man, my father. A liberal Republican, a champion of free speech, he had in the past fought for fair employment for blacks, defended radical labor leader Harry Bridges, spoken out against Franco and helped draw up the U.N. Charter.

At meetings with the other lawyers for the Unfriendly 19 (among them Charles Katz, Ben Margolis and Robert Kenny), my father urged everybody simply to tell the truth rather than evade the question as to whether or not they were Communists. His point: If you're completely open about your beliefs there's less chance you can ever be accused of either conspiracy or subversion.

However, it was finally decided that a collective stand must be taken by the nineteen, based on the First Amendment. They would each make a passionate personal statement to the committee, but they would dance around any questions regarding their political or union affiliations. "The answering-by-not-answering method," Dmytryk called it. In retrospect, one wonders if my father's plea for forthrightness (quietly shared by those of the nineteen who were not members of the Communist Party) would have done any good in the cold war climate. However, the witnesses' silence—and the blatant hypocrisy of the committee—only deepened the anguish that was to follow.

HUAC proceedings were a circus (so different from the unctuous civility of the Iran/*contra* hearings). At HUAC sessions, movie stars, newsmen, radio commentators and the general public crammed into the hearing room as a youthful Richard Nixon questioned "friendly witnesses" like Ronald Reagan and Gary Cooper, who drawled he couldn't remember the titles of the scripts he was offered with "Commie ideas" because "most of the scripts I read at night."

I remember watching my father on the newsreels as he and Robert Kenny unsuccessfully moved that the committee be dissolved because it was unconstitutional. I remember later how my father and Charles Katz were gavelled down time and time again as they attempted to cross-examine "friendly witnesses."

Many of the personal statements by the nineteen were curtly dismissed as irrelevant, causing John Howard Lawson to shout so angrily that he was carried bodily out of the hearing room.

My favorite moment came with Dalton Trumbo's icy reply to "Are you now or have you ever been. . . ?"

"Many questions can be answered 'yes' or 'no' only by a moron or a slave," he said.

Afterward, ten of the nineteen were cited for contempt of Congress and sent to prison, where they continued to maintain a united front of silence. Meanwhile, in Hollywood, the studios instituted a blacklist and hundreds found they would be out of a job unless they fully disclosed their political past.

Dmytryk served out a prison term and then recanted his statements to save his career. Once again my father acted as his attorney—he helped Dmytryk write a statement to the

press and lent him some money until he found work.

By then my father's own career was in big trouble. He'd lost most of his corporate clients because of his outspoken views, his radical associations. The Federal Bureau of Investigation had begun to harass him; our phones were tapped. In 1953 he was formally accused of being a Communist himself and his passport was taken away. He fought for months to regain it, and when he did he moved into the shadows, practicing law very quietly on Wall Street. While he still advised controversial friends like Paul Robeson and Haakon Chevalier, they would meet him at our apartment—never in public. And he stopped almost entirely speaking over the phone.

Recently Dmytryk asked me, "Did your father ever forgive me for getting him involved in HUAC? He was destroyed."

I reminded him that my father never revealed his private torments. Maybe it was because he was a practicing Catholic and he had a fatalistic attitude about the brute forces in life that had twisted his ambition to do good into something dark and surreal. Paradoxically, he still held to a concept of American justice that protects everyone from false accusations and slimy verdicts.

But the law can't protect the human animal from despair.

PATRICIA BOSWORTH

Patricia Bosworth is the author of Montgomery Clift: A Biography and Diane Arbus: A Biography. She is writing a memoir of her father for Simon & Schuster.

The Closing of the American Game

The Closing of the American Mind revisited, barely in time for the World Series and to save baseball as we once knew it.

The path of our decline to a nation of flat-souled, relativistic nihilists is clear: Plato to Rousseau to Nietzsche to Heidegger to Erich Fromm to David Riesman to Bowie Kuhn. When Nietzsche declared that God is dead, he saw this as an irremediable catastrophe for mankind. But for his alleged disciples, the correct prescription was to satisfy in a mindless way all the heretofore sublimated desires of both hitter and spectator with an unrestrained orgy of power slugging. The name of this final, farcical act in the *Götterdämmerung* is well known: The Designated Hitter Rule. We now see all too plainly the result of the cheery, saccharine nihilism of Kuhn, Lee MacPhail and their ilk: an unprecedented increase of 22 percent in the number of home runs.

The experts ascribe this trend to corked bats or juiced balls or the thinning out of major league pitching talent. But the real reason is quite clear: Unable to withstand the tide of relativism, pitchers have simply lost their sense of purpose. What is happening in baseball today is the all-too-predictable result of two centuries of assault on the edifice of the

Enlightenment. As philosophers relinquished their claim to discuss the Good, pitchers were forced to rely on the *Zeitgeist* for their values. In the 1960s the frenzy for leveling off the peaks of merit eventually resulted in, appropriately, the lowering of the pitcher's mound. Then the traditional horsehide ball was replaced by slippery cowhide. And then the *coup de grâce*: Another power hitter was added to the lineup.

Even the best of the old school, Seaver and Palmer, lost touch with the current that enabled Socrates to resist Athenian fanaticism. Tiant, Marichal and Gibson had a sense that their absurdly low ERAs were immoral. Pitchers looked on Yastrzemski's pathetic league-leading .301 average less with pride than with deep feelings of semiconscious shame. So they succumbed to the passion of the masses for homogeneity. (Continued on Page 452)

UNCIVIL LIBERTIES.

CALVIN TRILLIN

Well, sure, there's been talk about reviving my presidential candidacy. I won't deny it. After all, the other guys are dropping like flies. It's more and more likely that the convention is going to turn to someone who's been standing, in a dignified way, on the sidelines. So there's talk, there's talk. Just the other day, for instance, my wife said, "You can't be serious!" So, sure, there's talk.



Under the circumstances, I thought it would be unwise for me to say anything for the record concerning Joe Biden's quick trip down the tubes—although it's also true that nobody asked. I even refrained from commenting when Theodore Sorensen, John F. Kennedy's favorite speechwriter, was quoted as saying that he often hears other politicians appropriating lines he wrote for J.F.K. It happens that during a brief fling I had as a speechwriter some years ago, I considered stealing Sorensen's stuff and wasn't able to find anything I could use.

The problem was that anything I stole would have been easily identifiable as a Sorensen line, because he wrote in what I always thought of as reversible-raincoat sentences. He wrote, "Let us never negotiate out of fear, but let us never fear to negotiate." He wrote, "Ask not what your country can do for you; ask what you can do for your country." (Yes, I know they've now decided that Warren Harding said more or less the same thing first, but he didn't say it as reversibly. With Harding, the zipper was showing a bit around the collar.) Just about all of Sorensen's sentences were reversible. If Sorensen had written the speech Edward Kennedy gave after Chappaquiddick, Kennedy would have said, "I did not fear to drown; I drowned my fear." If Reagan started using Sorensen's stuff instead of those old movie lines he makes do with now, his speeches on, say, the purpose of government social welfare programs would have phrases like, "We should feel privileged to help, but we should help the privileged."

The Biden flap showed one aspect of the problem facing people who are active candidates this time around: There's a fine line between the sort of embarrassing information you'd like to confess in order to show that you're a sensitive and fallible human being, and the sort of embarrassing information you'd better hide because it might get you sucked right down the tubes.

The last time I thought about declaring my candidacy—in

1980, when the post-Watergate morality was still strong—I spent a lot of time in Kansas City, my hometown, tidying up my past. You may remember my account of a conversation I had with my boyhood friend Eddie Williams ("Sure, it was the funniest thing that happened all year when we were in eighth grade, Eddie, but if you told that story to people who don't happen to understand the traditional place of farm animals in the humor of this region the way you and I do, well. . ."). You may remember reading a small item at the time about how several years' worth of records kept by the Kansas City Board of Education had disappeared without a trace.

What worries me now is that I might have done the job too well. If I decide to display sensitivity in Iowa by discussing the remorse I feel about the incident that led to my having to stay after school and write "I will not torment Lulamae Baker" a hundred times on the blackboard, the press might claim that there is absolutely no evidence that anyone named Lulamae Baker ever attended school in Kansas City. If I provided the records to prove otherwise—they're in my Aunt Rosie's basement, back behind the rusted cookout equipment—they might contain enough dirt to send me down the tubes.

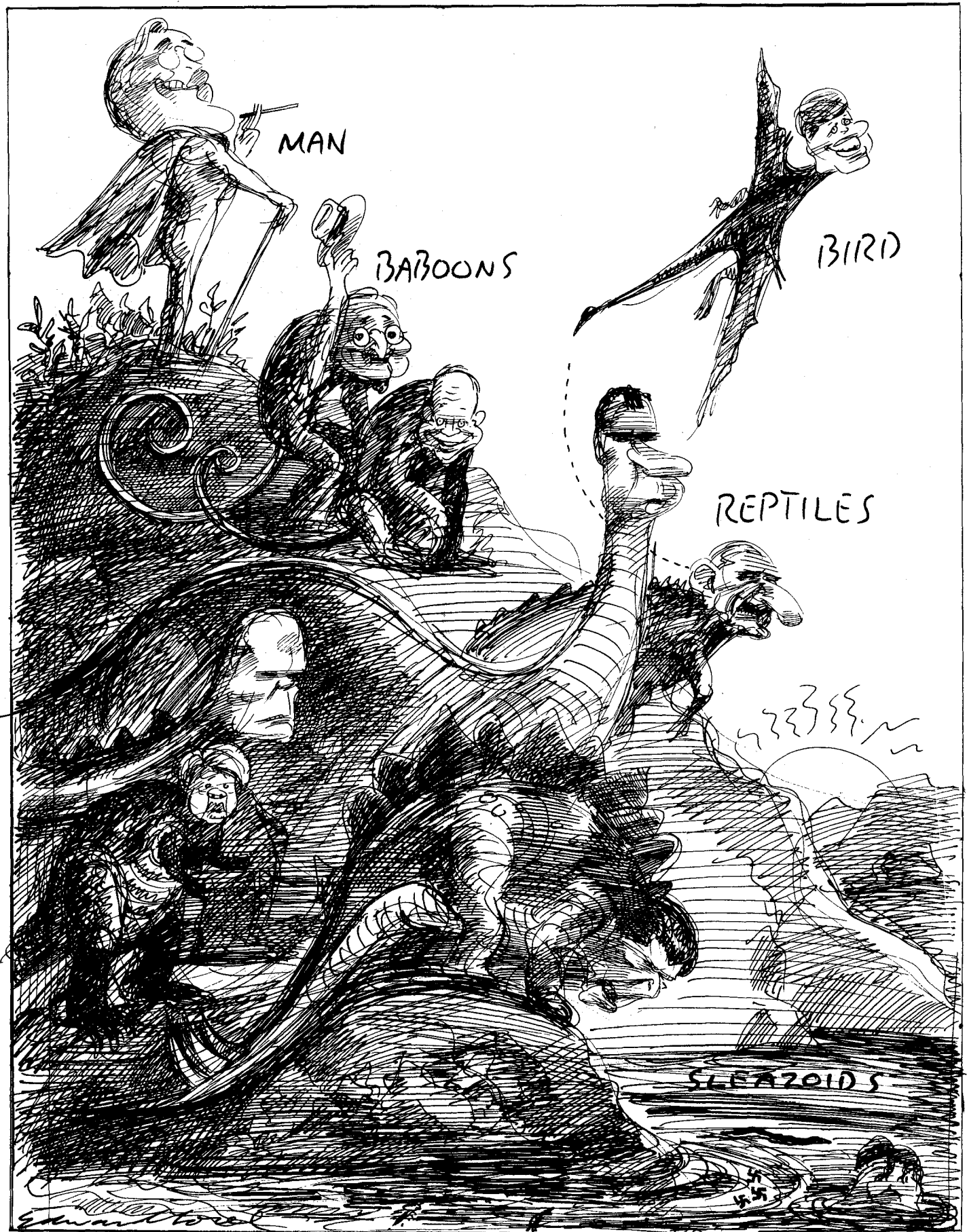
I think Michael Dukakis has a similar problem. He's got nothing to confess. That's why his campaign managers were forced to confess that they had been doing their jobs—campaign managers aren't supposed to keep the competition's plagiarism secret, even if their boss is running for Pope—and Dukakis had to let them go. Watching Dukakis for a few minutes can give you the awful feeling that he never stayed after school, unless it was as a volunteer to help the teacher pound the chalk out of the erasers. The way I figure it, every other candidate is going to drop out because of revelations of some dirty secret and then Dukakis is going to be eliminated for hypercleanliness.

That's when I make my move. I realize that there's nothing much left of my 1980 campaign structure except the still unresolved complaint I filed with the Fair Campaign Practices Committee accusing John Connally of "unfair hair." These days, that doesn't make much difference. The guys with campaigns are the ones who are vulnerable. The thing to do is just stand on the sidelines and let the talk build. That's what I'm doing now. And there's already talk.

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It's Only a Theory

EDWARD SOREL



MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Duane (Dewey) Clarridge of the Central Intelligence Agency is such a secret sort of chap that in his testimony as released by the Iran/*contra* committees, his job description has been deleted. All the same, we know that he was head of covert operations in Latin America for a while, and deep into the politics of "counterterrorism" in the Middle East. He was active at both ends of the Iran/*contra* scam, and was one of William Casey's most trusted deputies. His account presents the usual picture of a hardened cover-up artist and is larded with memory lapses and evasions. So that when he does speak at all clearly, the effect is quite salutary. Here is what he told the investigating panel on August 4, in answer to a cretinously softball question from the absurd Representative Michael DeWine:

Well, I can't prove it, but I think the strategic opening to Iran, the idea, the concept, the desire, began early in this Administration, probably going back to '81, certainly to '82, in the form of General Haig, Mr. McFarlane when he was counselor to the State Department, and Mr. Ledeen when he was working there for Mr. McFarlane.

"The idea, the concept, the desire. . . ." Yes, and what about the timing? This pushes the date of contact with the mullahs a good deal further back than had been previously acknowledged. It also places the contact during a time when there were no American hostages in Teheran or Beirut, a time when "moderates" in Iran were distinctly scarce. The reformist Abolhassan Bani-Sadr, who served as President of the country, was made to flee by the clerical fanatics in early June of 1981. It was with the fanatics, and not Bani-Sadr, that Reagan had chosen to deal.

And it is Bani-Sadr who has alleged, on several occasions, that his own authority and that of President Jimmy Carter were undermined by a secret agreement. That agreement [see "Minority Report," June 20, July 4/11 and August 1/8] involved a pledge from Ronald Reagan's 1980 campaign directors that they would supply arms to Teheran if Jimmy Carter was denied the triumph of the return of the hostages.

Since I first wrote about this hypothesis, Bani-Sadr has amplified the details in an interview with Flora Lewis of *The New York Times*. He has also spoken with Richard Curtiss, formerly U.S. Counselor for Public Affairs in Beirut and Chief Inspector of the United States Information Agency, who now edits *The Washington Report on Middle East Affairs*. I quote from Curtiss's account of his recent Paris discussions with the man who was President of Iran at the relevant time:

Bani Sadr, however, says the secret deal *was* made, even as the Iranians publicly reached an agreement with the Carter Administration to release the hostages in return for the unfreezing of \$4 billion. The Iranian who secretly met with the Reaganites [Richard Allen, Robert McFarlane and Laurence Silberman] in Washington, Bani Sadr says, was either Parvis Sabati, Manucher Ghorbanifar, or both. Ghorbanifar, like McFarlane, figures prominently in the subsequent US-Iran arms-for-hostages negotiations in 1985 and

1986. Ghorbanifar has also been described by the CIA and by Colonel Oliver North as an agent of Mossad, Israel's CIA.

Other Iranian personnel also later featured in private negotiations with the "deniable" wing of the White House. This is particularly true of Speaker Rafsanjani of the Iranian Parliament. As Curtiss continues:

The arms supply contract Iran signed with Israel in March 1981, less than two months after Reagan's inauguration, was the payoff for delaying the release of the American hostages, Bani Sadr maintains. This is largely corroborated by a *Washington Post* report of November 29, 1986, that Secretary of State Alexander Haig gave Israel permission in 1981 to ship \$10 to \$15 million in US arms to Iran, and a 1983 statement by former Israeli Defense Minister Ariel Sharon that the extensive Israeli arms dealings that began in 1981 with Iran were approved by the United States.

Increasingly, then, fresh evidence is focusing on 1981 as the year that mattered. No Reagan Administration official has yet been asked what the U.S. government was doing selling arms to Teheran that year.

In a related disclosure, made by the dogged Alfonso Chardy of *The Miami Herald*, we learn that the campaign staff for John Anderson in 1980 also received overtures from the Iranians. Anderson's senior aides at the time—Alton Frye, Mitchell Rogovin and Michael MacLeod—say that the Iranians offered to release the hostages to a prospective President Anderson in exchange for weapons shipments. This was reported to the Carter State Department, which encouraged the Anderson staff to maintain contact and report back. The meeting between the Reaganites and the Iranians, which Richard Allen acknowledged to have taken place in October 1980, was never reported to the State Department or to anyone else. Allen now claims to have mislaid his notes and all memory of the meeting.

Morris Amitay, a leading pro-Israel lobbyist in Washington, said last August that Richard Allen made no objection when he was told, in December 1980 in his capacity as head of Reagan's transition team, that Israel wanted to resume arms shipments to Iran. Only the luckless American public, treated to a daily output of lurid Reaganite diatribes against the Iranian revolution, was innocent about the real relationship between the two regimes and their go-between.

At the very least, all this puts the activity of Allen, Casey and Meese in a new light. They have testified at different times to an organized 1980 effort to deny Carter an "October surprise." True naïveté is now required to believe that this did not involve, at a minimum, the consideration of a covert deal with Iran. The Senate majority leader, Robert Byrd, has called for a widening of the special prosecutor's mandate to include investigation of this possibility. And Representative John Conyers, chair of the Criminal Justice Subcommittee of the House Judiciary Committee, has assigned a special counsel to look into the matter. All those with evidence or opinions should write to Professor Frank Askin, 2313 Rayburn House Office Building, Washington, DC 20515.

ARTICLES.

■ STUDENTS AND FREE SPEECH

A Civics Lesson At Hazelwood East

STEVE VISSER

On October 13 the Supreme Court heard one of the most important First Amendment cases to be tried under the Reagan Administration. The Court will rule whether school principals can quash a free press in public schools.

The Hazelwood School District et al. v. Kuhlmeier et al. goes to the core of a school's mission to prepare students socially and politically for democracy. Cathy Kuhlmeier, Leslie Smart and Leanne Tippett-West sued the Hazelwood, Missouri, school district in 1983 when Robert Reynolds, principal of Hazelwood East High School, censored a two-page special section on teen-age problems from *Spectrum*, their school newspaper. The relatively tame stories examined such subjects as divorce, runaways and teen-age pregnancy. The young women suspected Reynolds wanted to cover up problems that might tarnish the school's excellent reputation. They were only partly right.

Hazelwood is the latest volley in a battle waged since the 1960s: students' rights versus principals' authority. The Supreme Court ruled in 1969 in *Tinker v. The Des Moines Independent Community School District* that principals may not stifle speech unless it is libelous, legally obscene or would disrupt the educational process. Lower courts soon applied the ruling to school newspapers, arguing that those constitute public forums for expression protected by the First Amendment.

Hazelwood authorities, however, learned from their colleagues' failures. Although they also claimed a right to control the paper, they offered the most benign reasons for their actions. Reynolds testified that he had "edited" in order to protect innocent students and families whose identities hadn't been effectively concealed. The divorce story, for example, initially quoted by name a student describing the causes of her parents' divorce. Student editors later deleted the name, but Reynolds, who saw only an uncorrected galley proof, testified that the story was an invasion of privacy.

Federal Judge John Nangle, who first heard the case, ruled that *Spectrum* wasn't a public forum and that Reynolds's actions were reasonable, since he had not sought to stifle controversy. Nangle concluded that Hazelwood officials could censor articles in a school newspaper to avoid the impression that school authorities endorsed the sexual values

presented. The Eighth District Court of Appeals overturned his ruling.

In fact Reynolds censored the stories for the oldest of bureaucratic reasons: to cover his ass. "I knew darn well those articles weren't going to fly—I didn't have to look at them twice," Reynolds told me in 1985 after the trial. "The board and administration, even though they're good law-abiding citizens, want things run in their district the way they want them run. They hire people who can do that, and when they can't do it any longer, they get rid of them."

Bob Stergos, a journalism teacher, advised *Spectrum* from September 1981 to April 1983. He approved the articles on teen-age problems but left the school before they were due to be published. Howard Emerson, a journalism teacher from Hazelwood Central High School, oversaw the last two issues of *Spectrum*. He viewed Stergos as a brilliant teacher victimized by the district. He had seen it happen before. Emerson was smarter than most; he quit advising school newspapers and stuck with the yearbook.

When Emerson saw the stories, he chose not to fight. The stories were too controversial for the conservative administrators—even though they elicited only yawns when the now-defunct *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* published them two years later in response to community curiosity. When the principal saw the galley proofs, Emerson said, he ordered the entire paper killed. Emerson then suggested killing only the two pages containing the stories, and Reynolds agreed.

The story that most incensed the principal concerned three anonymous Hazelwood East students who had got pregnant. The girls presented an optimistic view of their future, which Reynolds labeled an advocacy position. He apparently didn't think an article that outlined the dismal consequences facing sexually active teen-agers who shunned birth control, another that discussed the high failure rate of teen-age marriages or a third that attempted to warn of the scars divorce can leave on kids would dampen any enthusiasm for teen-age pregnancy among readers. The stories quoted students, teachers, counselors, local authorities and magazines and were designed both to warn students and tell them where they could get help.

School administrators refused to discuss the specifics of the stories with the public or faculty. Some teachers and Parent-Teacher Association members said the administration avoided debate by suggesting that the stories were suitable for the *National Enquirer*. "They kept saying, 'If you could only see the stories'—which of course they would never show us—'you would know how bad they were,'" one P.T.A. member said. "Well, that made us really curious, but when we finally saw them printed in the *Globe*, we thought, What was all the fuss about? I don't think anyone was upset over them."

It had been a difficult year for Reynolds. His boss, associate superintendent Francis Huss, has a penchant for

Steve Visser, a reporter for The Jackson Sun, in Tennessee, wrote his master's thesis at the University of Missouri, Columbia, on the Hazelwood case.

abusing journalism advisers and dressing down principals who can't control them. "Huss wants to approve everything, absolutely everything, and he's just a very domineering personality," said one longtime teacher at Hazelwood East.

"Teachers know . . . that he does have the power if he wants to use it," said another Hazelwood East teacher, "and this person will get hired and this person will get fired, so don't let him catch you laughing in his face."

Huss, who oversaw the district's high schools, was critical of Reynolds because the principal was having trouble with Stergos, who believed that teaching journalism required that students examine school issues and expose problems. Stergos, at 26, was politically naïve and a tad self-righteous: a true believer who thought his excellence put him above office politics or even misguided authority.

The semester before, students had written a series of articles on grading inconsistencies and fairness regarding ratings of class participation, as well as comparisons of coaches' salaries (coaches of women's sports were paid less). They weren't stories Huss liked, so he came over to browbeat the journalism adviser.

"I walked in and the first thing he said to me was, 'Do you want to keep your job?'" Stergos told me, a statement Reynolds later corroborated. "He said, 'I don't care how you do it, but you will not allow those students to question board policy again.' What he was subtly trying to tell me was that there are ways you can steer students away from controversial issues. But if I did that, I wouldn't be doing my job."

Stergos in effect told Huss to go to hell, which hardly pleased the administrator. Reynolds says he broke the deadlock by ordering Stergos to forgo any controversial articles

and submit to prior review: "So I finally told Bob, in January, whenever it was, 'I'm going to see the paper first. I've never done that before, and I don't know that I believe in it, but for your sake and my fanny, I'm going to do that.'"

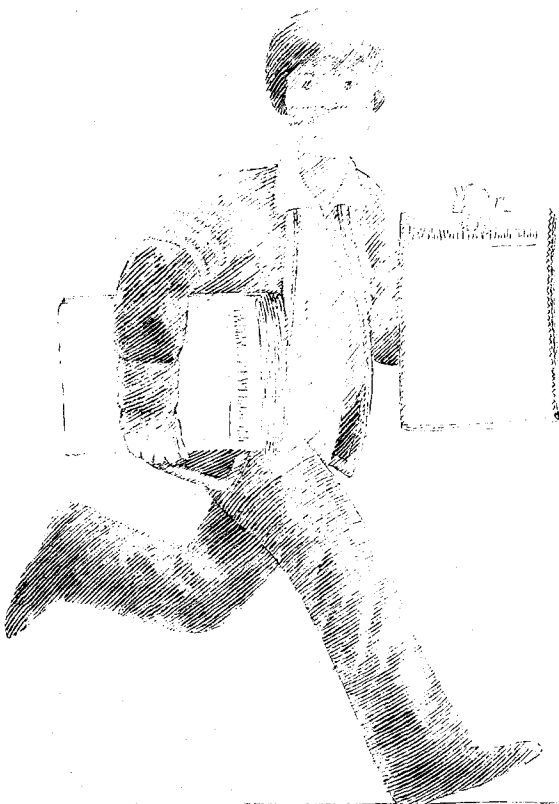
In court, while Reynolds defended privacy and fairness, Huss claimed Stergos had been reprimanded only for violating the curriculum. But the district curriculum guide for journalism states that "students will be able to . . . research a subject in-depth to write a documented analysis of a school problem or issue." Reynolds later admitted to me that the administration possibly had been closer to violating the curriculum than had the adviser.

During the January meeting with Reynolds, Stergos kept mum about the planned articles on teen-age pregnancy and stomped back to his classroom. The adviser correctly discerned that his free-press and probably his teaching days were over. (Reynolds told me he planned to offer Stergos the choice of his teaching career: no controversy or no contract. "I was going to make him an offer he couldn't refuse," the principal joked.) Stergos soon began interviewing for other jobs and found one as a consultant. The district released him from his contract and he left Hazelwood East two weeks before the articles were to appear. "I just felt there was no use fighting city hall," he said.

Stergos wasn't the first Hazelwood East journalism adviser to fall by the wayside, and he wouldn't be the last; both his predecessor's and successor's tours ended bitterly. "Some of the bitterest people I've ever met have been advisers of school newspapers," said a Hazelwood East teacher who knew all three advisers. "They are some of the most conscientious, hard-working, well-intentioned people as far as I can observe, but they are caught in so many tensions. All the school wanted was good show, good image and for them not to make any waves."

After Reynolds censored the articles, the students called Stergos. He advised them to go to the American Civil Liberties Union, which took their case. Stergos soon found out that he wasn't beyond the reach of Hazelwood East administrators. Reynolds threatened to get Stergos's teaching certificate revoked unless he "stopped coaching the kids." The school board declined to pursue the action. Reynolds told me he went after the teaching certificate because he suspected Stergos was using the students as pawns to settle his grudge with the school. Maybe he was right. In any event, Stergos believed scholastic journalism meant more than profiles of prom queens. He taught the values of a free press.

To city reporters and to me, the administrators spouted platitudes about responsible journalism and irresponsible students. The kids, they implied, weren't mature enough for First Amendment freedom; school authorities should judge what information was fit to print. But the three students, Kuhlmeier, Smart and Tippet-West, were the only ones who acted responsibly. They stood up for their rights, the action that gives meaning to the Constitution. During this year of Constitutional celebration, it will be interesting to see if those rights are reaffirmed. □



DRAWINGS BY CHAS. B. SLACKMAN

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■ OF PUNK AND PORNOGRAPHY

Rockin' With the First Amendment

STEVEN WISHNIA

For the forces of rock and roll, the first prosecution spawned by the anti-"porn rock" campaign of the 1980s has resulted in a partial vindication. On August 27, Los Angeles Judge Susan Isacoff denied the prosecution's motion for a retrial after a jury had voted 7 to 5 to acquit Jello Biafra, former singer for the San Francisco punk rock band the Dead Kennedys, and Michael (Microwave) Bonanno, former manager of their Alternative Tentacles record label, on charges of distributing harmful matter to minors. Isacoff had previously dismissed charges against three other defendants for lack of evidence.

The alleged pornographic product was the Dead Kennedys' third LP, *Frankenchrist*. The album contained a poster of an H.R. Giger painting, *Landscape #20: Where Are We Coming From*, showing nine disembodied genital sex acts of a color and texture resembling armadillo skin. A sticker on the cover of the album warned: "The inside foldout to this record cover is a work of art by H.R. Giger that some people may find shocking, repulsive, or offensive. Life can sometimes be that way." Biafra claims that the poster depicted the dehumanization inherent in commercialized sex and consumer society, using people screwing each other in assembly-line fashion as a metaphor. It is also possible that he was testing the limits of free speech.

The case began in December 1985, when a 14-year-old San Fernando Valley girl gave her younger brother *Frankenchrist* for Christmas. Their mortified mother first contacted NBC-TV consumer reporter David Horowitz. When he failed to return her calls, she turned to the California State Attorney's office, which referred the matter to local prosecutors. On April 15, 1986, nine vice cops raided Biafra's San Francisco apartment and the Alternative Tentacles office and warehouse. Seven weeks later, five people connected with the record were indicted: Biafra; Microwave; Ruth Schwartz, owner of Mordam Records, which shared Alternative Tentacles' office and warehouse space; Steve Boudreau of Greenworld, the distributor that had supplied the offending disc to the Wherehouse store from which it was purchased; and Salvatore Alberti, the 65-year-old owner of the factory where *Frankenchrist* was pressed. The last three were accused under a new California law that calls for the prosecution of anyone involved in the production or distribution of pornography. The Wherehouse chain escaped prosecution by agreeing not to sell any more Dead Kennedys records in California.

Steven Wishnia is co-founder and bassist of False Prophets. Any reference to his band in this article is relevant to the story, not shameless self-promotion.

Attempts to censor rock are as old as the music itself, beginning with the outcry against Elvis Presley's pelvic movements, Little Richard's "lewd Negro music" and Jerry Lee Lewis's 1958 marriage to a 13-year-old cousin. They peaked in 1966 and 1967, when numerous radio stations banned the Beatles' *Revolver* and *Sgt. Pepper* albums for containing drug-oriented lyrics and for John Lennon's remark that the Beatles were more popular than Jesus, and again in 1970 and 1971, when the Federal Communications Commission attempted to ban the broadcast of twenty-two songs for promoting drug use. (One of the songs on the F.C.C.'s list, Canned Heat's "Amphetamine Annie," had a "speed kills" chorus and a dead-user story line as heavy-handed as any "Just Say No" commercial.) With Reagan-era social conservatives mounting attacks on sex and drugs, it was inevitable that rock and roll, the third part of the hedonistic trinity, would also become a target.

The Parents' Music Resource Center represents the less extreme wing of the current antirock movement. Led by a cluster of politicians' wives, most notably Tipper Gore (married to Senator Albert Gore) and Susan Baker (wife of Treasury Secretary James Baker), the P.M.R.C. came to prominence in 1985 Senate hearings on "porn rock." It has been aided by \$5,000 from Mike Love of the Beach Boys (Reagan-Bush supporters in 1980) and, according to a broadsheet put out by the No More Censorship Defense Fund, by office space donated by the Adolph Coors Company.

The P.M.R.C. oscillates between merely providing information about sex, violence, drugs, rebelliousness and Satanism in rock and roll and supporting suppressive measures. This dialectic permeated the 1985 hearings; Missouri Republican John Danforth stressed that no laws were under consideration, but South Carolina Democrat Ernest Hollings declared the music "outrageous filth. . . . If I could find some way constitutionally to do away with it, I would." Both Danforth's and Hollings's wives are P.M.R.C. members. At various times P.M.R.C. members have suggested that warning labels be placed on some records, that record stores not display LPs with offensive artwork, that certain live shows be rated X and that record firms reassess renewing contracts with controversial artists like Ozzy Osbourne. Osbourne, formerly lead singer of heavy metal progenitor Black Sabbath, recently was unsuccessfully sued by the parents of a 19-year-old who shot and killed himself while listening to Osbourne's "Suicide Solution."

In an interview in the August 1987 issue of *Musician*, Tipper Gore claimed to be against government intervention in the music industry, but became evasive when pressed by reporter Charles Young:

YOUNG: Suppose a district attorney in Tennessee decided to indict Prince?

GORE: No, no, no. Just generally.

YOUNG: Just generally you're against government intervention? That's going to do a lot of good for Prince or the Dead Kennedys if they go to jail.

GORE: I'm not going to defend or attack the Dead Kennedys.

Susan Baker called the *Frankenchrist* poster "shocking" and "obscene," and Gore said that even with the warning

sticker, obscene material was "different." (The P.M.R.C. played no direct role in the Dead Kennedys case.)

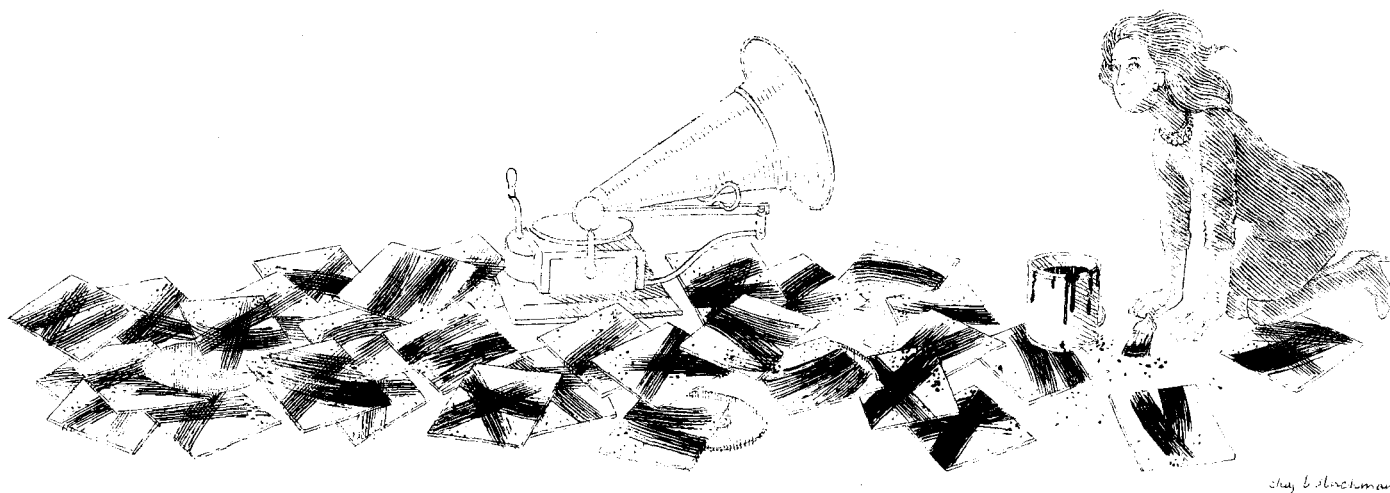
The Rev. Jeff Ling, who wrote the P.M.R.C.'s "Rock Music Report" in 1985, was the link between the P.M.R.C.'s concerned-parent stance and the radical right's more demented beliefs, such as "backmasking," the idea that bands record Satanic or drug messages, revealed if records are played backward. While rockers have used backward recording ever since John Lennon fell in love with its psychedelic sound in 1965, the only backward message I know of would not have been recorded if the issue of backmasking had never been raised. If you play the New York anarcho-punk band Virus's *Dark Ages* record backward you can hear the bass player say, "Fuck you."

But absurd beliefs do not necessarily prevent their holders from gaining power. In a time when Lieut. Col. Oliver North gets lionized for holding the same pseudoheroic attitudes for which G. Gordon Liddy was ridiculed as a macho buffoon, it is not surprising that those who think AC/DC stands for "Anti-Christ/Devil's Children" wield far more influence than their 1970s counterparts who thought Kiss stood for "Kids In Satan's Service." In 1986 the Wal-Mart chain removed all rock magazines—even adult-oriented, upscale *Rolling Stone*—from its stores shortly after company officials met with evangelist Jimmy Swaggart. Swaggart opposes rock and roll in any form, even "Christian rock" bands like Los Angeles's Stryper (*To Hell With the Devil*). "You cannot proclaim the message of the anointed WITH THE MUSIC OF THE DEVIL!" he fulminated in a 1986 telecast.

Why were the Dead Kennedys and Alternative Tentacles selected for prosecution? The reasons seem to lie in their notoriety, politics and apparent inability to defend themselves. "They thought they were going to be dealing with a bunch of blue-haired kids who didn't know what they were doing," commented a source connected with the defense. Until they broke up in December 1986, the Dead Kennedys were one of the biggest names in underground rock and roll, regularly drawing crowds of over 2,000 even though the band received virtually no commercial airplay. Politically,

they presented a more inviting target than a run-of-the-mill heavy metal band. With songs like "Let's Lynch the Landlord" and "The Stars and Stripes of Corruption," the Dead Kennedys were by far the most stridently radical band at their level of commercial success. Other Dead Kennedys songs ranged from "Kill the Poor" (on their 1980 debut album, *Fresh Fruit for Rotting Vegetables*), an often misinterpreted Ramones-style doo-wop parody which suggested that the neutron bomb was the perfect weapon for clearing slums, to the didactic "Rambozo the Clown" and "Macho Insecurity" (on their 1986 album, *Bedtime for Democracy*). Live, Biafra delivered diatribes between songs against "cock-rock," militarism and punk-scene conformity, often earning himself criticism for being too preachy. The religious right had been after the band ever since its 1981 album *In God We Trust, Inc.*, which featured Jesus crucified on a dollar bill on its jacket and the lyrics "Blow it out your ass, Jerry Falwell/God must be dead if you're alive." In a press conference on the day of his indictment, Biafra called the case "the direct result of the religious right's power play to impose censorship via ratings and legal harassment against artists whose views happen to be different from their own."

Defense spokesman Dirk Dirksen, a longtime San Francisco punk promoter, doubts the Dead Kennedys' politics were an issue. To him, it appeared that prosecuting attorney Michael Guarino perceived of himself as a liberal and almost "thought they were right-wing," treating the matter as a straightforward pornography case and believing that teenage boys who bought the album kept the poster and threw away the record. Suzanne Stefanac, author of a four-page broadsheet on the case put out by the No More Censorship Defense Fund that was included with *Bedtime for Democracy*, disagrees: "I don't think he's that dumb or his research is that poor." She speculated that Guarino was trying to present the band as mindless by quoting lyrics out of context. It wouldn't have been the first time that had happened; the Back In Control Training Center, a Southern California organization that teaches parents how to "depunk" or "de-metal" their children, cites the Dead Kennedys' 1981 single



"Nazi Punks Fuck Off" as an example of "Nazi punk."

The prosecution called only three witnesses, including the 14-year-old "victim," who called the poster "gross" but said she wasn't harmed by it. According to Alternative Tentacles publicist Gary Strasburg, Guarino was overconfident, thinking that the jury would gasp in shock at the sight of the poster. Although one churchgoing juror hid in the women's room while the others listened to *Frankenchrist* on the second day of deliberations, the younger, rock-weaned ones were left unmoved; several requested autographed copies of the LP. Biafra's sober, articulate persona also impressed the jurors, as it contrasted with the snarling, doped-up Sid Vicious punk stereotype.

Whether or not Guarino realized it, he was striking at the heart of the left wing of the punk scene, an international network of bands, "fanzines" (fan magazines) and promoters. Alternative Tentacles has released records by D.O.A. and No Means No (of Victoria, British Columbia), the Dicks (Austin, Texas), the False Prophets (New York City), the Crucifucks (Lansing, Michigan) and BGK (Amsterdam, the Netherlands). In 1984 most of those bands contributed tracks to MDC's *PEACE* compilation, a two-record set from which all royalties are donated to antiwar and antinuclear organizations. These songs include D.O.A.'s "America the Beautiful" ("I got my Bible and I got my handgun"); the False Prophets' "Banana Split Republic," a thrash-rap-mariachi epic about El Salvador; and the Dicks' "I Hope You Get Drafted," written after singer Gary Floyd overheard a group of teen-agers talking about how "neat" it would have been to fight in Grenada.

As the most popular of this crop of bands, the Dead Kennedys, on tour, used their success to give others opening slots and fair pay. In a business where headliners frequently get \$3,000 and opening acts \$50 and the rap of "It's great exposure and there are twenty bands who'd be glad to do the gig for nothing," a headliner with the power and willingness to demand that promoters pay opening acts \$250 or \$300 is extraordinary.

Ruth Schwartz is a co-founder of *Maximum Rock 'n' Roll*, a major fanzine. If there's a punk band in Tulsa, Tübingen or Tunisia, it's probably had its name there. With a circulation of more than 10,000, it is conceivably the largest

American left-wing publication whose readership is predominantly under 25. In addition to record reviews, local scene reports and interviews, *Maximum Rock 'n' Roll* usually publishes one long political piece in each issue. In the last three years, these have included a three-part series on the new right and reprints of speeches by Noam Chomsky on "The Global Drift Toward Nuclear War" and John Stockwell on the Central Intelligence Agency.

This band-fanzine-underground promoter network is crucial. Through it, a band barely able to sell a thousand copies of a homemade single can get mail orders from fifteen states and five foreign countries, and touring bands can survive on \$10 per diem and the kindness of strangers who'll let six people sleep on their floor after a Sunday night gig in Omaha. In continental Europe, punk bands are strongly connected to the squatters movement, and shows in squats like Amsterdam's now-defunct Wijers and Emma halls are the heart of the scene. In North America, real estate is more expensive, alternative venues are scarce and the circuit consists mostly of clubs and rented Ukrainian community and V.F.W. halls. The bands play dozens of benefits, and iridescent-haired "peace punks" have been a small but visible contingent at the April 25 demonstration in Washington, the convention protests in 1984 and elsewhere. As a rock and roller, I have a limited tolerance for excessively didactic lyrics; as a former hippie, I am extremely cynical about the notion of revolt through subcultural style; but good intentions are good intentions. Anyone who thinks idealistic youths became extinct sometime around 1973 should check out the letters pages of *Maximum Rock 'n' Roll*.

Despite the Dead Kennedys' relative success, Alternative Tentacles is far from being one of the titans of the music industry. There are six corporations that control 90 percent of domestic record sales, and Alternative Tentacles is not one of them. If the censors had decided to attack a major-label record with explicitly sexual or sexually violent lyrics, such as Prince's "Darling Nikki" (the song that first offended Tipper Gore) or Judas Priest's "Eat Me Alive," they would have had to contend with the legal departments of Warner Brothers and CBS, respectively. For Alternative Tentacles, where advancing \$5,000 to a band for studio costs is considered seriously extravagant, the more than \$60,000 it cost to defend the Dead Kennedys case was potentially crippling. (Major labels find it almost unthinkable to spend less than \$50,000 in recording an album, and Michael Jackson and Fleetwood Mac have had seven-figure studio budgets.) This is most likely what Guarino had in mind when he called the case "a cost-effective way of sending out the message." (As of this writing, the No More Censorship Defense Fund was \$12,000 in debt. Contributions may be sent to it at P.O. Box 11458, San Francisco, CA 94101.)

"I think there are two kinds of censorship, one of them accomplished through legal means," said Stefanac. "The other is more insidious. It's self-censorship. It's accomplished through intimidation. This type of censorship is already in effect." The hung jury failed to set a precedent either way, and Guarino indicates he has other cases he is ready to prosecute. □

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Stalin Years

(Continued From Front Cover)

Soviet consciousness. Smirnov had been appointed director of the Institute of Marxism-Leninism on January 19. Before that, throughout 1986, he had been an assistant to Gorbachev on theoretical questions and gave up that position only because of health problems. He remains a highly influential ideological adviser to the General Secretary. Recalling that at the January plenum of the Central Committee much had been said about the malfunctioning of socialist democracy and the outdated theories of the previous leadership, Smirnov came to the crucial explanation:

It would be correct to say that this course upheld by the former leadership was based upon the real political state of affairs as well. The thing is, the measures taken after the October (1964) Plenum were virtually directed against the democratization of the Party and Government apparatus in force until then, even though they were not systematic and clear in purpose.

Smirnov was conveying the startling message to the Soviet public that the plenum that overthrew Nikita Khrushchev had been in the nature of a coup d'état and a retrograde step ideologically. It put a stop to the modest measures of decentralization and democracy that Khrushchev had initiated following the Twentieth Party Congress, unleashing the process of stagnation and absolute centralism.

Thus, almost exactly two years after Gorbachev came to power, a new political dimension was added to the debate about reforms and their preconditions. The Twentieth Party Congress was restored to its proper and important place in the evolution of the Soviet polity. The entire Brezhnev era, rather than just the last half of the period, was condemned for its political as well as economic performance. The real target was the Stalin period itself, though this was not immediately apparent.

It was a recognition that the strong opposition to Gorbachev's reforms had a character rooted in the economic and social framework, inherited from Stalin and fostered under Leonid Brezhnev. Smirnov observed, "Defiance never develops anonymously, but always through the behavior of people and is always connected with definite groups of people, their social status." In other words, much of the opposition to change was coming from groups that formed their ideas and their life styles during the stagnant times of Brezhnev. It had become necessary to attack the Stalin and Brezhnev legacy root and branch to overcome it.

Smirnov rejected the core of the Stalinist economic policy, with its bias in favor of centralization, against which Khrushchev had struggled in vain and which still remained largely intact in practice, constituting a formidable obstacle to Gorbachev's reforms. Moreover, he argued, the centralist

economic philosophy eventually led to wage leveling of the worst type, extinguishing all initiative and enterprise among skilled workers such as engineers, physicians and teachers. This resulted in embezzlement, bribery and profiteering and "gave rise to relapses to the petty-bourgeois way of life and the petty-bourgeois mentality." In Marxist terminology, this was the harshest critique yet of the course of social-economic development in the Soviet Union in the past.

Smirnov provided the theoretical grounding for the process of *perestroika*, or restructuring, and greatly contributed to the atmosphere of heightened radicalism that became so characteristic of the months after the January plenum of the Central Committee. It was evident that the leadership was moving toward a new and deeper phase of de-Stalinization not only in a political but also in economic and spiritual senses. In 1956 only the cult of Stalin was condemned; his image still retained a grip on the minds of many people. Above all, the Stalinist scheme of a centralized economy remained intact. That could not be changed without totally destroying the Stalin image. A selective denunciation of his misdeeds was no longer enough. That was why the restoration of truth to Soviet history became a battle cry.

Within a day of the publication of Smirnov's article, an interview with a prominent war historian, academician Alexander Samsonov, appeared in the *Argumenti i Fakti* of March 14-20. His questioning of Stalin's competence as a war leader caused shock waves. It was almost the first critique of Stalin in this vein. One peculiar and highly negative effect produced by official historiography has been that the younger generation does not even know who the truly evil men were in Soviet history, and why they are so regarded, because they were not written about, certainly not in a way that the common man could understand. Young people were unmoved by Tengiz Abuladze's anti-Stalin film *Pokayaniye* ("Repentance"), for example, because they did not know anything about Lavrenti Beria or his even more infamous predecessor as head of what became the K.G.B., Nikolai Yezhov. This ignorance of historical facts prevented a fuller understanding of the need for and significance of Gorbachev's *glasnost* policies.

These intimations of a new phase of de-Stalinization were so powerful that they caused trepidation even in circles close to Gorbachev. These officials worried that the process of reinterpreting history might get out of hand and discredit the Communist movement and system as a whole. Besides, many nervous Communist Party leaders in Asia and Europe were privately urging Gorbachev to halt the extension of *glasnost*. They contended that it was undermining their position vis-à-vis the bourgeois ideologues who had begun to claim that Gorbachev's views were similar to their own. And the confirmation of the serious shortcomings of the Soviet system was demoralizing to foreign Communist leaders.

Utterly new and startling was a radical reinterpretation of the basis of collectivization in the 1930s, a tragic phase of Soviet history, set out in a dialogue between academician Vladimir Tikhonov and Kapitolina Kozhevnikova, a specialist in agriculture, published in *Literaturnaya Gazeta* in

Dev Murarka, a longtime journalist in Moscow, is the author of Gorbachov: The Limits of Power, published in France and due out soon in England and West Germany. This is the first installment of a two-part article.

April. According to Tikhonov, when Stalin collectivized, ostensibly to destroy the rich peasants, or the kulaks, as they were called, there were in fact no kulaks. Their existence was a myth conjured up by Stalin to serve his purposes. Tikhonov pointed out that in the old days "kulak" actually meant one who traded in grains, a sort of village merchant. Later, during the Revolution, the term acquired a new meaning and anyone who hired labor was called a kulak. But even this type was liquidated during the civil war that followed the Revolution. Tikhonov argued that at the time of the collectivization, about 80 percent of grain production was by medium-sized farms, which had received their land after the Revolution.

In 1928 Stalin suddenly declared that 5 percent of the peasants were kulaks. Tikhonov commented on that dryly, and quoting the poet Alexander Tvardovsky he concluded with an emotional bang:

I think that here social critiques were replaced by purely quantitative appraisals of the level of development of a farm. And all those peasants were defined as kulaks who, by their own labor on the land given to them by Soviet power, had managed to raise their farms above the average level. Probably these were the peasants who were dekulakized.

Tikhonov emphasized that, under Stalin, the peasants who perished (an estimated 5 million of them) were in fact those very farmers who had been given land by the Revolution and had done better than most. They were not rich peasants of the prerevolutionary period—those had already disappeared.

The highly controversial character of this exposé of the false grounds on which collectivization was carried out (under conditions of great cruelty) should be understood against the background of a strongly established tradition that the subject was beyond public discussion. Collectivization was not even questioned at the Twentieth Party Congress. More remarkable still, the revised party program adopted at the Twenty-seventh Party Congress under Gorbachev listed it as one of the achievements of the Soviet party and state. In his article Smirnov maintained that collectivization was revolutionary in character and "basically meant further progress for our country along the path of socialist revolution." But Tikhonov pointed to the larger lessons to be learned from the episode: "For a long time our development went on, if I may say so, in a direction without a choice. It was assumed that only large mechanized industry and highly concentrated production units can give us positive effects, but the world of economics does not work like this."

That same month saw two other important advances toward establishing historical truth. The first was the appearance of Mikhail Shatrov's 1962 play, *The Brest Peace*, in the April issue of *Novy Mir*, which rarely publishes texts of plays. The circumstances surrounding the signing of the Brest peace treaty between Germany and the young, revolutionary Soviet Russia on March 3, 1918, have always been a matter of intense controversy. But a proper understanding of their significance has been confounded by the totally untruthful explanations advanced in Soviet histories. These invariably contend that Lenin, backed by Stalin, was fighting

for the Revolution's survival in the face of conspiracies by the "arch-traitor" Trotsky and that "left adventurer" Nikolai Bukharin.

In Shatrov's interpretation there were no traitors or adventurers. For the first time in over sixty years, Bukharin and Trotsky were depicted as human beings and as political leaders concerned with the fate of the October Revolution and the young socialist state. Shatrov's remarkable and laudable contribution was a step toward restoring to Soviet history one of its richest pages, though it was far from a satisfactory and complete portrayal of Trotsky. The play will open at the Vakhtangov Theater in Moscow on November 7, the anniversary of the Revolution.

The greatest controversy of the era of *perestroika*, however, developed around historian Yuri Afanasiev and his ideas. Afanasiev was noted for his progressive outlook at the Institute of World History, where he worked for many years as head of the section on the culture of foreign countries. In 1983, in the period of Yuri Andropov's leadership, Afanasiev was invited to join the editorial board of *Kommunist*, the theoretical organ of the Communist Party, and placed in charge of the history section. In September 1985 Afanasiev wrote a seminal article for the journal, "The Past and Ourselves," which sought to set a new tone for approaches to history under Gorbachev. His basic concept was that the past is not past; it is the present and the future. He argued: "As amnesia—loss of memory—destroys the individual personality of man, so amnesia of history damages social consciousness, barbarizes and makes no sense of the life of the society." His criticism of the historical works being churned out by many contemporary Soviet historians was blunt:

Even in form, as in tone, such "works" cannot be taken for something else—there is no thinking behind them, and self-admiring categorical "conviction" reigns. In essence, while defending the truth and repetition of the past, such authors implant passive attitudes toward reality, promote dogmatism and a conservative world outlook. In this consists not only the uselessness of their works but also immense harm.

Afanasiev's article had a tremendous public resonance; it also aroused the opposition of reactionary Stalinist historians. Their inevitable retribution followed. Afanasiev had continued to be on the staff of the Institute of World History on half pay while working at *Kommunist*. A year after his article appeared, in the autumn of 1986, he went on a trip to Paris. When he returned, the institute's deputy director told him that, due to changes and a reduction in staff, there was no longer a position for him. Thus he was ousted from the community of historians, temporarily. His radicalism probably also created problems for him as the head of the highly sensitive history section of a journal that represented the official viewpoint of the Communist Party. In late 1986 he was promoted to the more neutral though fairly high-level post of rector of the Moscow State Historical Archives Institute.

On January 11 of this year, *Moscow News* published extracts from Afanasiev's inaugural address, delivered to the learned council of the Archives Institute. His criticism of the

present state of Soviet historical studies was trenchant. Drawing on more than twenty years' experience as a specialist in non-Marxist historiography, he courageously compared the standards of Soviet historical studies to those in the rest of the world, to the disadvantage of the former. He mocked the pretense that once a work was classified as "Marxist" it was automatically superior, beyond criticism. Afanasiev particularly deplored the sad state of the study of conditions leading up to the October uprising and of the Revolution itself, and criticized textbooks on the history of the Communist Party. He blamed the situation mainly on the "servile cowardice of bureaucrats from [social] science," who had stifled the impulses toward exploring those subjects afresh during the early 1960s under Khrushchev.

That did it. The Stalinists and Brezhnevites perceived a threat to their position. *Perestroika* be damned, their careers and reputations were at stake. According to *Moscow News* of May 10, "Almost immediately, *MN* Editors received a telephone call from Professor Fyodor Vaganov, Chief of the USSR Archives, who said that he considered the publication of these excerpts to be a mistake. Professor Vaganov was invited to express his own views in our weekly." Then came the January plenum of the Central Committee and no more was heard from him.

However, Afanasiev was persistent. He again raised the question of restructuring historical studies at a meeting of the bureau of the history section of the Academy of Sciences on March 9. He followed it up with a provocative interview published in the March 21 issue of *Sovetskaya Kultura*. Afanasiev argued that at this point, "there is a special need for knowledge of two key periods of our Soviet history: 1917-1929—'Under Lenin and after Lenin'—and 1956-1965—'After Stalin, the 20th Congress and attempts at reform.' We should look closely into the victories and defeats of these extremely dynamic periods, which are rich in contradictions."

The years 1956 to 1964 encompassed the Khrushchev period, and Afanasiev asked, "How long can we go on pretending that he did not exist?" However, the inclusion of 1965

was a signal that Afanasiev was also calling for an understanding of the events in the immediate aftermath of Khrushchev's fall. Prime Minister Alexei Kosygin had wanted to carry forward the idea of economic reform, but his attempts were quickly undercut by his colleagues.

In a rare personal note lamenting the unproductive Brezhnev years, Afanasiev observed, "We talk of the stagnation of the last 15-20 years. It is bitter to reflect that with this stagnation are connected the best, the most productive years of my contemporaries. And these cannot be reclaimed! Moreover, these must not be forgotten. They are important and instructive." Afanasiev painted a depressing picture of what was currently happening, or rather not happening, in the Soviet historical sciences:

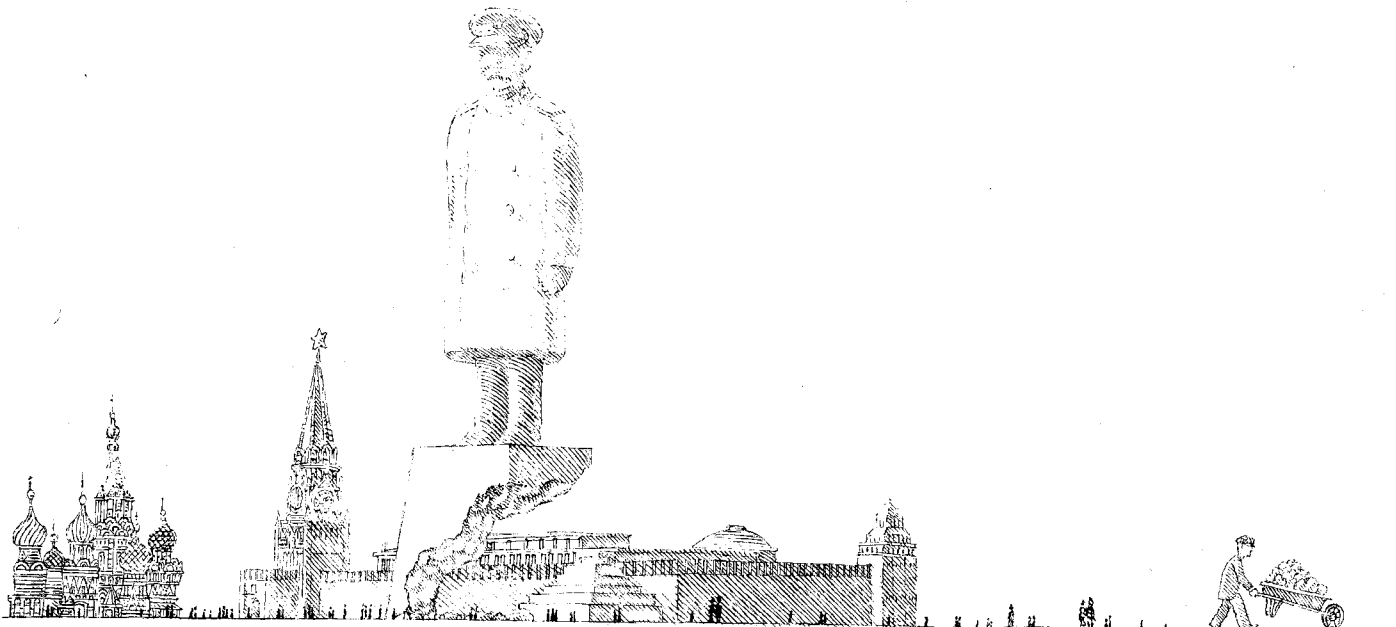
Yes, there have been plenty of calls for discussions and theoretical generalizations. But, after all, everyone has known that theory and new knowledge in historical science are encouraged only provided that they do not diverge from "generally accepted" opinions. Departure from the "norm" has threatened a historian with many consequences—up to and including removal from the community of scholars.

With brutal candor, born of experience, he conveyed how difficult, almost impossible, it was for nonconformist historians to have their work published anywhere: "An article with a fresh idea is barricaded tightly in its own press organ by bureaucratic blocks of ice."

Incidentally, the practices Afanasiev criticized are not confined to the field of history alone but are widespread in diverse Soviet academic disciplines. Stalinists like the archivist Vaganov, appointed during the Brezhnev dispensation, are dispersed throughout the scientific-intellectual organizations in strategic positions, from which they have blocked non-Stalinist policies in the past and are now holding up the process of renewal. They are much more difficult to get rid of than purely political or governmental officials.

Afanasiev, contending that it was not good enough just to denounce the period of stagnation without naming persons who were responsible for creating it, did so:

Anonymous criticism is not the best traveling companion of re-



structuring. There were, and are, specific people who directly "created" the stagnation. They must at least be made known, especially because their way of thinking and means of operating are working in the same direction even today. The campaign to curb scientific explorations in history in the early 1970s was headed by S.P. Trapeznikov, who enjoyed unlimited freedom of action in managing the discipline of our science and placed in almost all positions people who were dependent on him and, on this basis, were bound together by "business" ties.

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Afanasiev deplored the Soviet practice of proclaiming all truth to be on the side of approved leaders and authors, and all falsehood to be on the side of their opponents. He denounced the soft-pedaling of criticism of Stalin's works in scholarly writings even when the party documents were sharper on this score. He called for a proper study of the Stalin period and for the re-publication of his works, and proposed the creation of a new, bold journal dealing with Communist Party history. He regretted that, even now, thirty years after the Twentieth Party Congress, Stalin was shown on television with a veritable halo of wisdom and power.

Afanasiev's *Sovetskaya Kultura* interview was a call not only for a new approach to history but also for a total revision of the history of the Soviet state, reinforcing his earlier article in *Kommunist* and his inaugural lecture as rector. The timing was not a coincidence. It came after Gorbachev himself had called for filling up the blank spots in Soviet history. It meant facing the Stalin question because most of the blank spots had been created by and under Stalin, a practice also common under Brezhnev.

The contents of the interview dramatically brought a public sense of self-respect back to progressive Soviet historians. Radical historians also gained a boost because at about this time, it became known by word of mouth that the draft of a new version of party history, prepared under the chief editorship of Boris Ponomarev, had been rejected by party leaders and the task reassigned to a new board of editors. Ponomarev had been in charge of all the post-Stalin versions of the one-volume party history.

Afanasiev's strictures about low standards in the community of social scientists were elaborated even more graphically and authoritatively on April 17 by Alexander Yakovlev, then a candidate member of the Politburo and not yet one completely in charge of ideology. (He was appointed a full member two months later.) It is one of Yakovlev's tasks to bring about a change in the academic and scientific sphere, especially the social sciences, so that academic life is freed from the control of the dogmatists, hacks and incompetents and is handed back to genuine scholars and researchers. Yakovlev's objectives and attitudes were quite evident from a speech he delivered at the meeting of the social sciences section of the Academy of Sciences.

Blistering in his criticism of academic institutions where shameless careerism rules over objective research or study, Yakovlev was unsparing about the lamentable prevailing conditions and past lapses. If Yakovlev had a good word to say, it was about the dissidents and strong-willed independents among the academic community who courageously and defiantly swim against the prevailing current and manage to survive. In fact, he paid a touching tribute to them: "We shall be sinning against the truth if we say that the growth of negative trends did not concern most of our social scientists or was overlooked by them. The scholars who urgently raised such problems, even though this did not add to their health or improve their career prospects, are well known to all."

Undoubtedly, Yakovlev had in mind his own bitter ex-

perience during the locust years of Brezhnev as well as the experiences of many others, such as the sociologist Tatyana Zaslavskaya and the economist Abel Aganbegyan, who suffered, kept a low profile but did not lose their capacity to think, reflect and look to the future. Yakovlev warned that openness was essential not only to political life but to academic life as well. He declared:

If there is no change here, then no basic improvements in the content of research centers' work will occur. The accretion of negative things is too large not to cause any worry. We can't tolerate a bureaucratic monopoly on the truth when in the work of thought it is office, not truth, that turns out to have the last say. While it would not be fair to cast suspicion on all the leaders at different levels of academic structures, the pressure of office-backed authorities is widespread. There are also many abuses of official position—be it unjustifiably imposed co-authorship, or the cultivation of scientific time-serving among the subordinates, or mutual cover-up, or condescension and non-exactingness toward one's 'own' staff members and the ostracism of the unsuitable.

And he drew a devastatingly accurate and disturbing picture of the climate in which academic institutions function, their facade of pompous respectability notwithstanding: "It has so happened that our social scientists have split into two 'camps.' Some are working and raising issues. Others, in the meantime, intently watch and wait till the former make a mistake or fail. And then having got what they waited for, they try to show that they are the ones who have known the truth from the very beginning."

Another kind of "scientist" avoids discussing issues: "But, firmly convinced only of their own rightness, they write letters to various organizations, demanding that those 'guilty of mistakes' should be brought to account, and tagging on labels and insulting charges. Public attention should be drawn to this kind of person."

The social sciences section of the Academy of Sciences, however, is a highly conservative body. A push was required from other quarters for the kind of restructuring Yakovlev had outlined. This came from a meeting of historians organized at the Institute of Marxism-Leninism a fortnight after Yakovlev's speech. The meeting was thrown open to rank-and-file historians, not confined to the priesthood of party historians, as would have been the case in the past. Some 400 scholars with diverse viewpoints were present.

The meeting was a remarkable reaffirmation of the independence and intellectual vigor of the historians after the mediocrity and insipidity of the Brezhnev years. Even the Stalinists felt compelled to speak out, at least nominally, in favor of the rejuvenation of Soviet historical studies. But Afanasiev's chief opponent, Vaganov, was practically hooted off the platform before he could finish his speech. The basic issue behind the debate, though never put so starkly by anyone, was a simple one: The Soviet historians wanted to free themselves, and the history of the country, from the framework of the Communist Party history interpreted from the narrowly sectarian and subjective Stalinist viewpoint to which they had been previously confined. This had negated history. (*Continued Next Week*) □

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JOHN REED CENTENNIAL HARVARD CLUB

To honor the 100th birthday of John Reed, Harvard 1910 and author of *Ten Days That Shook the World*, a meeting will be held Friday, October 23, at 8:00 P.M. at the Harvard Club (North and Biddle Rooms), 27 West 44th Street, New York City.

Speakers will be James Aronson, Harvard '36; Anthony M. Daur and Arthur L. James of the Morristown-Beard School; James Robert Rosenstone, author of *Romantic Revolutionary*; Hamilton Fish, Harvard '10; Susan Reed, grandniece of John Reed; Lement Harris, Harvard '26, representing the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship; and Alexander Belonogov, Soviet Ambassador to the United Nations. Corliss Lamont, Harvard '24, will be Chairman. There will be two songs about John Reed.

The Centenary Committee is also arranging a John Reed meeting at Adams House, Harvard University, on Thursday evening, October 22. Independent celebrations will take place at Portland, Oregon, where Reed was born; at the Morristown-Beard School, which Reed attended for two years; and at Los Angeles, California.

John Reed Centenary Committee
Corliss Lamont, Coordinator

EDITORIALS.

(Continued From Page 438)

enized, egalitarian self-satisfaction. Having been taught from childhood that truth is relative, they were unable to resist the Nietzscheanized front-office phalanx.

No longer would the duel between batter and pitcher be ruled by the delicate balance of eros, the players concentrating on the purity of the task at hand but, nevertheless, informed by a warm longing for the nubile groupies back at the motel. No longer would the pitcher stare down like a gladiator at his foe; now he would crouch, shrimplike, ready to dodge the likely line drive. No longer would a Duke Snider stand, so to speak, spiritually virginal in the batter's box.

As today's sluggers hit one ball after another out of the park, baseball has been transformed into a dreary masturbatory fantasy. The eroticism of sluggers and hurlers today is slack; the golden thread between them has been severed. Plato's *Symposium* strikes no chord in the likes of Mark McGwire and Roger Clemens.

America's youths today are trapped in the onanistic frenzy of rock and roll, typified by Madonna and Prince. Gone is the time when sensitive young men, percolating with physical longing, yet drawn to the intellectual delights of eros, adorned their dormitory room walls with the likes of Bette Davis, Marlene Dietrich and Lex Barker. What baseball needs most now is to stare into the abyss. Only then can America's pastime save itself from what it has become: a game of balls without yearning.

EDMUND LEVIN

Edmund Levin works for CBS-TV.

Down the Drain

Last month, with minimal debate and almost no press coverage, Congress authorized \$3.4 million in what House Speaker Jim Wright called "humanitarian" aid to help the *contras* keep their troops intact as cease-fire negotiations go forward. The vote seems another failure of Congress' institutional memory. The last Nicaraguan "humanitarian" aid program, a \$27 million package passed in July 1985, was mired in scandal: funds diverted to buy weapons, contracts with drug smugglers, gross corruption and mismanagement.

Allegations about the Nicaraguan Humanitarian Assistance Office were widely reported in the summer of 1986. At that time, Secretary of State George Shultz dismissed those charges as "concocted by people in Congress." But last December, the General Accounting Office concluded that, of the \$17 million total spent on goods and services in Central America, the N.H.A.O. could account for only \$8.4 million.

Now, documents released during the Iran/*contra* Congressional hearings and some obtained through the Freedom of Information Act by the National Security Archive in Washington confirm what has long been apparent—the N.H.A.O. program was a subsidiary of the Reagan Admin-

istration's illicit program to keep the *contras* alive; and corruption and mismanagement were indeed the order of the day.

When the N.H.A.O. was created by Reagan Executive Order 12530, on August 29, 1985, it was made to appear a fully accountable public program. Behind the scenes, however, it was run by a high-level committee known as the Restricted Interagency Group (RIG) made up of Lieut. Col. Oliver North, C.I.A. Central America Task Force director Alan Fiers and Assistant Secretary of State Elliott Abrams, which was coordinating illegal arms shipments to the *contras*. Summaries of N.H.A.O. meetings were passed to the hitherto unknown Senior Interagency Group No. 54, made up of the Vice President's aide Donald Gregg, John H. Rixse from the Central Intelligence Agency, and officials from the National Security Council and the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

The N.H.A.O. paid out \$50,000 to Robert Owen, who doubled as North's liaison with the *contras*; and internal National Security Council memorandums released during the hearings show that N.H.A.O. planes routinely ferried arms to the *contras* after off-loading their "nonlethal" cargoes in El Salvador.

Humanitarian assistance funds also lined the pockets of *contra* leaders like Adolfo Calero. As Owen reported in a confidential cable dated March 17, 1986, Calero was trading N.H.A.O. dollars on the black market for a profit of about 37 percent. Owen wrote, "With all the money that has been deposited that adds up to about \$2.3 million which is divided between [Honduran military officials], the suppliers and the F.D.N. [Nicaraguan Democratic Force]."

Finally, a list of *contra* purchases approved by the N.H.A.O. raises the question of whether the United States has been funding a guerrilla army or the Miami life styles of its commanders. Among the items the N.H.A.O. paid for were three nineteen-inch Admiral color televisions (priced at \$1,000 apiece); five electric coffee-makers (two at \$195 and three at \$295); boxing gloves; and a volleyball set, complete with uniforms and shoes. U.S. officials may argue that this equipment was used at *contra* field hospitals to entertain battle-weary troops. But what of two living-room sets (\$1,284), a dining-room set (\$654) and two electric stoves (\$1,572)? Or 2,500 sticks of deodorant, at a cost of over \$5,700?

The N.H.A.O. does appear to have had the odd moment of fiscal conscience. Among the few items that N.H.A.O. director Robert Duemling told *contra* leaders would "not be paid by [his] office" were sixteen bottles of whiskey, twenty-five pounds of jumbo shrimp and "various Christmas decorations." The State Department also declined a *contra* request to be reimbursed \$8 for the purchase of thirty-two pounds of dog food.

PETER KORNBLUH

Peter Kornbluh is an information analyst at the National Security Archive in Washington, D.C., and author of the newly published book Nicaragua: The Price of Intervention (Institute for Policy Studies).

BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Optimistic Tragedies

ROB NIXON

FROM SOUTH AFRICA: New Writing, Photographs and Art. *David Bunn and Jane Taylor, eds., with Reginald Gibbons and Sterling Plumpp. Special issue of TriQuarterly (Spring/Summer 1987). Northwestern University. 496 pp. \$13.50.*

The flaming sky on the cover is lit by a sun which may be rising or sinking; the ambiguity seems important. That opening conundrum of a South African dusk-dawn permits two views of the present era. It alludes, in the process, to the two prevailing impulses in *TriQuarterly's* splendid anthology of contemporary South African culture: the corrosive satirizing of a social order destined to decline and the complementary impulse—principally though not solely black—toward embattled affirmation.

Among the many merits of this collection is its determination to look beyond established reputations. Apart from Nadine Gordimer, J.M. Coetzee and Dennis Brutus, scarcely any of the forty-two writers, ten artists and photographers, or the three who work both word and image, have enjoyed prior exposure in the United States. Edited by two lecturers at the University of the Western Cape, David Bunn and Jane Taylor, the collection is braced by a commitment to art and writing that, although well known or beginning to be well known in South Africa, has been disregarded by publishers elsewhere.

The contributions range from the apocalyptic severity of Keorapetse Kgotsile's poetry ("When you have come from tomorrow/We shall know each other by our bloodstain") to Ivan Vladislavić's semi-allegoric story about a white kid who inadvertently finds himself carting an assassinated prime minister to his grave; from Paul Weinberg's photographic essay on Zimbabwe to fiction and poetry (Achmat Dangor, Donald Parenzee) about co-opted blacks who "desert to a freedom" of provisional privilege; from essays on the politics of language to John Muafangejo's utterly visionary linocuts around the themes of

Archbishop Tutu's enthronement and the decapitation of a Namibian leader.

The astute eclecticism of the anthology successfully conveys many of the new developments in contemporary South African culture. Until now, no single volume had even attempted that much. Two of the more striking shifts have occurred around the tenacious issues of exile and censorship. During the 1960s and early 1970s, the nation's literary energy was largely generated by young talents who had been driven abroad. But they were robbed of an audience: most of their work was banned at home and, with the exception of the poet Brutus and the novelist Alex La Guma, their abilities withered in exile. As this anthology testifies, however, the literary impulse has shifted and is currently overwhelmingly internal.

Arthur Nortje, one of the most brilliant of those exiled talents, wrote many years ago: "Some of us must storm the castles,/some define the happening." That distribution of labor no longer appears so clear-cut: as an image of the committed writer, the scribe on the side seems anachronistic. Significantly, well over half the writers, artists and photographers gathered in this anthology are affiliated with one or another of the country's leading opposition organizations—notably the African National Congress, the United Democratic Front, the Congress of South African Trade Unions and the End Conscription Campaign—supplementing their imaginative endeavors with earthier, collective labors. Several contributors have been jailed, but seldom specifically because of their writing or art.

If those active in the cultural resistance have reached a sober assessment of the threat posed by any one voice, regardless of how eloquent, so too has the regime. That much is evident in the altered focus of censorship. As Bunn and Taylor observe in their fine introduction, "State censorship . . . is being massively concentrated on *organized* internal dissent. Today's novelists, playwrights, and poets, unlike writers of previous generations, are only really seen as dangerous when they align themselves with political organizations." Frequent targets include what the Minister of Home Affairs recently dubbed "the un-

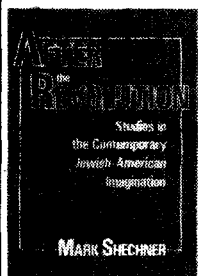
conventional revolution-supportive press" (e.g., *New Nation*, *The Weekly Mail and South*) and theater groups with ties to unions and township communities.

From South Africa is crowded with the figures of children: maimed, tortured, detained, "disappeared" and dead children, as well as children brandishing stones, children governing the streets. The land is, after all, a place where the routine brutalization of the young has exacted a psychic toll on the future; yet it is also a place where youth has sometimes shamed its more circumspect elders by refining sophisticated styles of defiance. This sense of vulnerable, precocious strength suffuses Dumile Feni's drawings and sculptures, Hein Willemse's Afrikaans poetry and the Afrapix photographic collective's essay, "On the Front Line: A Portrait of Civil War." A similar mood pervades Ingrid Fiske's "Al Wat Kind Is" ["All That Is Child"], a poem sparked by a remark after a police raid: "They took all that was child in the house." Fiske's "Our Sharpeville," told from the viewpoint of a white girl, provides a harsh counterpoint: It says more in forty lines about the violent innocence of sensible-shoed suburbia than whole novels given over to that subject.

Afrikaans—the language of Botha, the police sergeant, the bantustan bureaucrat—is not normally associated with resistance. Yet the poet Breyten Breytenbach, Afrikanerdom's blue-eyed pariah (loved for enriching the language, reviled for his attacks on racism), once sought to distinguish between "Aparthaans," the idiom of apartheid, and Afrikaans, one of Africa's many tongues. The case for that split becomes dramatically strengthened when one considers the lot of the black Afrikaans writer. Hein Willemse, a leading figure in South Africa's cultural renaissance, has contributed an affecting autobiographical essay on Afrikaans as a language of insurrection. He recalls the placards brandished by Sowetan pupils during the revolt of 1976—"Away with Afrikaans," "Afrikaans stinks"; but he remembers, too, the black Afrikaans-speaking children killed by police in the same uprising. For a poet committed to working at a grass-roots level, the choice of language will inevitably determine his or her constituency. And in Willemse's Western Cape, Afrikaans remains the primary language of the black working

Rob Nixon is a South African writer who teaches literature at Columbia University.

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class and rural poor, with English the lingua franca of upward mobility.

Njabulo Ndebele's essay on the English language and social change complements Willemse's brilliantly. Ndebele is an accomplished writer of fiction, as illustrated by his other contribution, "Death of a Son," which relates attempts by two parents to buy back the corpse of their child from the police. His creative gifts are also apparent in his analytical writing: the essay included here inquires meticulously into the institutional and ideological premises of English in South Africa without becoming mired in a quaggy sociological idiom. The piece was originally delivered as an address to the English Academy of Southern Africa, a body that prides itself on being an apolitical custodian of the English language. Ndebele's perfect ear for the cadences of white liberal common sense enables him to go for the jugular with devastating civility. He dissects liberal reform's indigenous platitudes (e.g., that "thought, like money, has no colour") as well as its imported American variants, notably, entrepreneurial cries for fresh "management principles." His remarks sometimes ring with an uncanny relevance to American debates over excellence: "In promoting English in a multilingual society . . . where the dominant culture feels more inherently valuable than the dominated cultures, it may at some point become increasingly and dangerously difficult for us to make a distinction between English and education." Ndebele is not excited by suggestions that white institutions open their doors to blacks; rather, close the doors, he urges, and erect new institutions not founded on "the unquestioned, nonnegotiable primacy of western civilization and its spectrum of values embodied in what has been called free enterprise and the special kind of democracy based on it."

In recent years, the most vital cultural challenges to the old nonnegotiables have often emanated from theatrical and performance-poetry groups. To Bunn and Taylor's credit, they have included a generous sample from the anthology of worker poetry, *Black Mamba Rising*, despite the difficulty of translating the poems not only out of Zulu and Xhosa but also out of performance and into print. The art of Alfred Temba Qabula, Mi S'dumo Hlatshwayo and Nise Malange, the three figures represented, has developed symbiotically with the Durban Workers' Cultural Local and is remarkable for its success at reworking

images and styles of oratory traditionally associated with rural Zulu and Xhosa praise-poets, inflecting them with the exhortatory ambitions of the trade union movement. These performance poets participate in precisely the kind of broadly based cultural movement that the regime finds most perturbing.

The photography of Omar Badsha occupies somewhat similar political territory to that of the black Mamba poets. A Durbanite and a founding member of South Africa's first photographic collective, he has served as a political activist in alliance with the squatter communities and unions whose worlds he has helped document. By working the image of the bullhorn into each of the eight photographs gathered in this collection, Badsha creates an almost audible sense of contending forces—community leaders, policemen, squatter barons, vigilantes, workers—vying to amplify their voices.

The political spectrum found in *From South Africa* ranges from writing tinged with a liberal distaste for apartheid to the openly revolutionary. Not all the contributions are as politically direct as the workers' praise-poetry or Badsha's images; oddities abound. What, for instance, is one to make of Wayne Assam's teasing meditation on prejudice, staged, somewhat in the manner of Borges, as a colloquy with a sage? Then there is the unforeseeable rapprochement between a self-conscious French feminism and Afrikaans prose startlingly apparent in Ingrid Scholtz's "From the Experiences of an Afrikaner Housewife in the Bosom of a Nuclear Family." Scholtz's fiction enters the tattered mind of a woman who refuses to "crawl back into the Free State of the past" yet can only stumble toward "political correctness," distraught at her failure "to take up the new like a bed."

The editors' adventurousness and their intimate sense of the South African social context should insure their anthology a place in many African studies and political science courses as well as, more obviously, in literary ones. Most important, *From South Africa* breaks emphatically with a sterile publishing tradition that has tended to focus on a handful of internationally oriented white novelists, lending insufficient support to black writing and moreover to the visual arts. For the first time, Americans have been given the chance to engage the formidable range of cultural responses to what Zakes Mda has called the people's "optimistic tragedies." □

Voices of the Veld

MARTHA VICINUS

AN OLIVE SCHREINER READER: Writings on Women and South Africa. Carol Barash, ed. Routledge & Kegan Paul. 261 pp. \$33. Paper \$11.95.

The South African writer Olive Schreiner, who died in 1920, is continually being rediscovered. Best known for her novel *Story of an African Farm* (1883), Schreiner has had a remarkable and remarkably varied readership for almost a hundred years. This novel, about the desolate life of the veld, with its passionate heroine, Lyndall, and her idealistic friend, Waldo, originally attracted attention because of its strangeness. Nothing much happens in the book—and that is its point. Lyndall longs to “change the ways of men” and to free women, but in the end she leaves her lover and dies soon after the death of their baby. Waldo stays on the farm, herding the animals and thinking about the meaning of life and the loss of faith; he dies without having solved the riddle. *Story of an African Farm*, a peculiar mixture of narrative realism, biblical allegory and social Darwinism, is wholly original.

Schreiner's approach to the preoccupations of her time—the loss of faith, feminism, the search for meaningful work—made her especially attractive to readers anxious to throw off the dead hand of Victorian duty. She was a breath of fresh air from the colonies, an individual who took risks, who spoke out about female sexuality, male-female friendship and women's work. Her book *Women and Labour* (1911), which attacked the economic “parasitism” of women and advocated “all labour for our province,” quickly became a feminist classic. The suffragettes recited her brief allegories to each other in prison. Vera Brittain exchanged long excerpts of *Story of an African Farm* with her fiancé during World War I.

In the 1890s, Schreiner had turned to

Martha Vicinus, a professor of English and Women's Studies at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, is the author of Independent Women: Work and Community for Single Women, 1850–1920 and numerous essays on Victorian women and popular culture.

the problems of her own country. An ardent advocate of a multiracial, decentralized South Africa, she resigned the vice-presidency of the Cape Women's Enfranchisement League when it failed to support black suffrage. She wrote a flurry of short stories and essays dramatizing the need for racial understanding. Over the past twenty years white South Africans who favor majority rule have revived many of these works, including the novella *Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland*, with its original frontispiece, a photograph of three black men being hanged while whites look on.

In spite of Schreiner's obvious pertinence now, she has proven a troubling figure for our generation. An advocate of universal brotherhood, she disliked organizations. Virtually all of her work is fragmentary in form and content, and her belief that motherhood united all women and would be the means to world peace seems sentimental. Her deep faith in the contribution of each race to South Africa was mingled with a social Darwinism that mars many of her best essays; pleas for racial equality are mixed with assumptions about racial instincts. Blacks are disturbingly absent from her fiction. In her effort to force the reader to look at life in a new way, Schreiner's style was often arch and pseudo-profound.

Why, then, does she continue to fascinate? Schreiner's biographers, Ruth First and Ann Scott, have argued that her very failure to follow the traditional pattern of a writer's career—her unfinished work, her unsuccessful love affairs, her restless seeking—make her appealing. Carol Barash, the editor of this collection, sees her writings as important examples of a feminist's efforts to combine an opposition to sexism with an opposition to racism. I suspect that Schreiner's insistent vulnerability creates an almost personal relationship between her and her readers. Barash quotes a Lancashire working woman who declared, “I think there is hundreds of women what feels like that but can't speak, but *she* could speak what we feel.”

As the first author to proclaim that the personal is political, Schreiner's work was unashamedly autobiographical, drawing upon her profound sympathy with the southern African land and her terrifying loneliness as the atheist

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child of missionary parents. In her essay on pacifism, she insisted,

In the few pages that follow I have allowed, as I said, a personal element to enter, and I have done so intentionally. . . . I have felt that, perhaps only by a very simple statement of what one insignificant human creature has felt and does feel, it might perhaps be possible for me to make clear to some of my fellows that such a being as the universal conscientious objector to war does exist.

She clearly felt that unless she exposed her deepest feelings and experiences, she would be unable to make contact with her readers. It was an exciting and debilitating agenda for an author in late Victorian and Edwardian England.

This collection of short stories and essays, with useful photographs, bibliography and chronology, should strengthen Schreiner's reputation as a daring if incomplete author. Her short fiction, marked by the same formlessness as *Story of an African Farm*, captures brilliantly the apparent emptiness of the veld, with its endless days of heat and sunshine. The minute descriptions of sounds, smells and sensations are especially effective in capturing the inchoate sensibilities of children. The feminist allegories, with their trust in a utopian future, may be an acquired taste, but they deserve a careful reading as an example of a *fin de siècle* experiment in a new literary form.

The most moving writing in this anthology, however, comes in Schreiner's political essays, perhaps because she predicted South Africa's future with remarkable prescience:

If, blinded by the gain of the moment, we see nothing in our dark man but a vast engine of labour; if to us he is not a man, but only a tool . . . if unstructured in the highest forms of labour, without the rights of citizenship, his own social organisation broken up, without our having aided him to participate in our own; if, unbound to us by gratitude and sympathy, and alien to us in blood and colour, we reduce this vast mass to the condition of a great seething, ignorant proletariat—then I would rather draw a veil over the future of this land.

Even as she sensed that South Africa would not give up its exploitation of cheap black labor, she persisted in speaking out for a more just society. We can hardly fault her for a failure to suggest any viable solutions to the problems she raises. □

BOOK NOTES.

SUSANNA SONNENBERG

SOMETIMES WHEN IT RAINS: Writings by South African Women. Ann Oosthuizen, ed. Pandora Press. 184 pp. \$25. Paper \$9.95.

"You are white and I am black. That's what matters in this country and it looks like life can never be lived on a human level in this land." These words are central to the conflict in "A Notion of Sisterhood," Bernadette Mosala's description of a black woman and a white woman raised as friends but driven apart by society. The same racial tension asserts itself throughout the collection *Sometimes When It Rains*, yet the tension is not always overt; it is usually such an integral part of life that it scarcely needs to be mentioned.

The prose in this book is not always well crafted, not always skilled, but the collection is important because it brings together South African women of different races, different ages, different lives. Caught between fiction and autobiography, narrative and reporting, the writers take up any form that will help them tell what they know. The writer herself is not paramount here. It's the story that needs a voice, and the story has primacy.

In Gladys Thomas's "One Last Look at Paradise Road," a woman gives up her degrading but essential job as a maid to join her village in a protest; she ends up waiting for a son who may never come home. After years of sexual maturity, the married narrator of "Two Minutes," by Maud Motanyane, still cannot elude the disapproving voices of the nuns who taught her in school. In "What Were You Dreaming?" Nadine Gordimer's black protagonist collapses with fatigue and hunger in the comfortable back seat of a white woman's car. In "Death of a Missionary," Elsa Joubert writes of a widow who seeks a church in which to conduct her husband's burial. She is refused because no one wants to open the door to the "colored" mourners.

Each of these women copes with humiliation, oppression and drastic loss, but their stories are related with sobriety, avoiding the temptations of melodrama. If the language sometimes slips into extremes, they are the extremes

of necessity—straightforward narration to set down the routine of violence, unhappiness and racial injustice. The voices of these pieces are pained and then amazed that pain has become a habit. The mission of the contributors is to let their readers know, as Sheila Fugard writes, that “the land out there, which only moments ago had been silver, now lay in the shadow of death.” □

THEATER.

THOMAS M. DISCH

Bouncers

The Tamer Tamed

Wild Blue

Driving Miss Daisy

Roza

Theater is livelier in England primarily because the directly competing media, movies and TV, are less voracious of playwrighting talent. Hence, the increasing predominance of British plays in New York theaters, the latest, unlikeliest import being *Bouncers*, a one-act quasi-documentary comedy that portrays with ribald accuracy the protocols of proletarian boozing and sexual cruising in the dance halls of northern England. John Godber is already, at age 31, the author of thirteen plays, many of which he directed for his own Hull Truck Traveling Theatre. In 1984 two of his comedies won awards as Best Comedy of the year: the Laurence Olivier Award for *Up 'n Under* and the Edinburgh Festival Award for *Bouncers*.

In New York *Bouncers* has enjoyed a different kind of success, having excited the usually phlegmatic and kindly Edith Oliver of *The New Yorker* to stigmatize it as “a hateful British import” and “repulsive.” (She makes exception for a scene in which the four cast members pantomime a porno videotape, which she admits is “truly funny.”) John Simon in *New York* is even more outraged than Dame Edith: for him the show is “only a sorry concatenation of obscene and scatological jokes,” one of which he quotes, delicately leaving his readers to fill in the missing blanks of a shocking four-letter word that begins with “s.” After scolding even the set designer (the set is a bare stage), he clinches his case so: “If none of this is enough to discourage you, let me add that the show was a hit with critics and audiences in Los Angeles, and ran there for a solid year.” Truly, this is the

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kind of generation-gap polarization that every young playwright lusts for—to have audiences roaring with laughter and the critics in spasms of virtuous indignation. If Godber had stepped on stage and p—ed in Sir John's lap, he could not have made a bigger splash.

To be fair, it is not all Godber's doing. The author has been steeped in theater long enough to have the quintessential dramatic gift of knowing what elements are best left to be filled out by the invention of the director and the charm or fascination of the cast, and he has not been let down. The director, Ron Link, milks the script for all it's worth. As in a Michael Bennett musical, the excitement of the show depends on the nonstop caroming of the four cast members about the bare stage, like frenetic figures in a video arcade game. The precision drill choreography by Jeff Calhoun derives more from sports than from dance, and the cast—Anthony M. La Paglia, Adrian Paul, Gerrit Graham, Dan Gerrity—comes across as a team rather than as performers of different and distinct roles. This, despite the fact that each actor is required to play a small anthology of bit parts, primarily the nightclub bouncers of the title, and secondarily a quartet of callow youths and a quartet of broadly caricatured girls. However, all these roles are generic, and there are no sustained interactions between the component monads of the various quartets; no plot, only the pattern of a typical night on the town. One enjoys *Bouncers* (or doesn't) like MTV, as a rush of personality-flashes, jokes, gestures, a fashion show in which the product on view is not clothing (the cast never changes out of its tuxedos) but Attitude, in the 1980s sense of how clothes are to be inhabited.

Godber has been taken to task by some of his critics for not creating "characters" and for failing to reprehend the life styles he's reporting on. "It makes its points not with dialectic," wrote Frank Rich in *The New York Times*, "but through the animalistic language (oral and body) of people who express themselves almost entirely in primitive gropings for drink, violence and sex." Rich maintains that the play fails because it only "now and then" expresses "the night fevers of a dead-end society simmering in the juices of bile and booze." All of which seems completely beside the point of Godber's essentially buoyant bawdry. Godber's bouncers are role-model rhetoricians of the obscene, and

so in their less macho way are the blokes who are the nightclub's customers: ordinary likable people having an ordinary night on the town, getting drunk, making out and going nowhere. Not a Nativity pageant, but scarcely a vision of hell. Anyhow, unless you're a Methodist, a Mormon or a nun, don't be put off by my colleagues' reviews. *Bouncers* is good, wholesome, dirty fun, with special appeal for those with prurient interests.

The R.A.P.P. Arts Center on East 4th St., which last year presented such an excellent *Tartuffe*, has delved even deeper into the repertory and come up with *The Tamer Tamed*, a sequel by John Fletcher to *The Taming of the Shrew* that has not appeared on the boards (according to its press release) since the mid-1600s. Fletcher was not well advised to go one-on-one with William Shakespeare, and the play merits the centuries of dust that bury it, but a more earnest exhumation could scarcely have been attempted. As demonstrated in *Tartuffe*, director R. Jeffrey Cohen knows how to get actors to speak verse trippingly, instead of tripping over it. The text (published as *The Woman's Prize*) seemed at my first glance dead on the page, but Cohen and company shocked it into a state of semi-animation with furious slapstick and no less than three shifts of time (a classical Act I; Act II in the old West; Act III in a punked-out, unisex future). Dusted off and shined up, Fletcher's verses varied from succulent to serviceable, but the plot is worse than lame, it's paraplegic. Since that has been the judgment of the centuries, you have to wonder why Fletcher should not have been allowed to put his best foot forward. He was, after all, one of the most prolific playwrights of a fertile era. I suspect that R.A.P.P. hoped to capitalize on the feminist angle, which won so much attention for last season's mutilated and ill-performed version of Middleton's *Women Beware Women*. If so, they miscalculated. As well offer Lady Macbeth as a protofeminist as Fletcher's viragos, Cohen's dominatrixes.

However, simply for their work of theatrical archaeology, we should be grateful to R.A.P.P. It's not every day one can see something by John Fletcher (or well-done Molière, for that matter). The roster of individual performers who must be applauded include four Tartuffeans (Raphael Nash, Meg Anderson, Janet Luby and Steven R. Tracy) plus Jim Pratzon, Cherron Hoye and Geof-

frey Owens, who turns the role of Pedro, a "witty servant," into a piece of zaniness that floats off from the text like a helium balloon.

What a pity that Actors Equity's rules dictate that shows like this cannot run more than sixteen performances without clearing impossible financial hurdles, and what a worse pity that it is forbidden to distribute a visual record of the fleeting theatrical moment. Twenty years ago I would not have thought it likely that I would live to see all of Shakespeare's plays; now I have video cassettes of most of them. In another twenty years, if Equity would change its rules and if the various drama departments of major universities would coordinate their efforts and offer the little funding that would be needed, the entire historical repertory of English-language theater could be recorded and made available for study. Only antiquated and nose-amputory union rules stand in the way of letting the work of idealistic enterprises like R.A.P.P. be viewed on a nationwide scale by the thousands who would want to see it, rather than the few hundred able to seize the opportunity of catching one of sixteen permitted performances.

Joseph Pintauro's *Wild Blue* at the 47th Street Playhouse is the theatrical equivalent of a dim sum dinner, eight little playlets, none substantial enough to count as an entree. They range from heavy-breathing sanctimony (a priest hearing the confession of his lover) through genial spoofing (a gay couple dining for holistic reasons on a road kill) to sexual grand guignol (a transvestite visits and vamps her unsuspecting bartender daddy). The unifying theme is gay love, usually of the unrequited variety, and in the four most earnest efforts it is the younger partner who is the more aggrieved. The performers—Ken Kliban, Tom Calabro, Dana Bate and Park Overall—execute their multiple roles with commendable professionalism. Indeed, it is their virtuosity, more than Pintauro's half-told tales, that kept me in my seat (though never on the edge of it). In all his more ambitious sketches, Pintauro brings down the curtain at just the moment he establishes his dramatic premise. His transsexual vamp exits as soon as she has informed her father that she is his son. A wrong number leads serendipitously to the possibility of an interesting relationship; then the telephone gets hung up. Such a

heap of anticlimaxes is like an evening of poker in which no hand is ever good enough to bet on. Gays will enjoy seeing themselves so agreeably reflected in the mirror of art, and *Wild Blue* should, accordingly, enjoy an intramural success. I hope that success will give Pintauro the confidence, next time, to venture beyond "What if . . ." and "Wouldn't it be interesting . . ." to write an entire play, complete with a middle and end.

When Alfred Uhry's *Driving Miss Daisy* opened half a year ago under the auspices of Playwrights Horizons, I

missed it. Since then its two stars, Morgan Freeman and Dana Ivey, have won Obies, and both its author and the director, Ron Lagomarsino, have received Drama Desk nominations. It has moved to the larger John Houseman Theatre, where it should continue to run as long as Ivey and Freeman are willing to continue in their roles as Miss Daisy, the crusty Atlanta Jewish grande dame, and Hoke Coleburn, the black chauffeur who manages to make a fractional dent in her consciousness over a period of twenty-five years by being unrelentingly human. Having proven itself ir-

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David Montgomery is Farnam Professor of History at Yale University.

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resistibly heartwarming and a magnificent vehicle for any actress willing to represent the fifth, sixth and seventh ages of woman, all the way to "sans everything," *Driving Miss Daisy* has been sold to the movies, where (according to its publicists) Katharine Hepburn, Angela Lansbury and Bette Davis are vying for the part created by Ivey. My own vote is for Bette Davis, as a consolation prize for not getting to be Scarlett O'Hara, but really why not shoot multiple versions (including one with Dana Ivey) and let the moviegoers decide which diva they want to see? Just a suggestion. Meanwhile, belatedly, a more practicable suggestion: See *Driving Miss Daisy* while it's still daisy-fresh on 42nd Street.

Suppose you were to approach a heavysset middle-aged woman on the street and suggest that for the sum of \$50 she should do the following: put on a wig that made her look like Colette and pretend to be your Jewish mother, a survivor of Auschwitz (while you pretend to be her Momo, a colored orphan of the Islamic faith), and pretend, moreover, to be a prostitute, or rather, to have been one. In fact, in your scenarios for her she is never to come on to anyone sexually, the men she may deal with being limited to a transsexual ex-boxer, now also a prostitute, and a corrupt cop to whom *she* must pay money so he won't take away her darling prepubescent Momo. Instead of sex, your fantasies concerning this unusual woman center on her sufferings from an incurable disease (not unlike the one that did in the heroines of *La Bohème* and *La Traviata*) and on her importuning of you, Momo, in the matter of her mercy killing, which is to be consummated in a subterranean chamber that she has furnished as a bedroom devoted to secret religious ceremonies.

If you think that this is a fantasy that would have appealed to your darker nature, you should have seen Georgia Brown in the title role of *Roza*, but if your blood doesn't quicken at these plot possibilities, there was little else in Harold Prince's defunct musical likely to have entertained you. Except for two rumpy-tee-tum songs ("House in Algiers," "Don't Make Me Laugh"), Gilbert Becaud's music sounded like it had been piped into the theater from the central office of Muzak. Alexander Okun's all-the-world's-a-tenement set didn't leave much room for dancing,

and the caliber of the dancing attempted was such that the program gave Patricia Birch credit for "musical staging" rather than choreography, and even that's more credit than she deserved.

The trouble with *Roza*, however, did not reside in the catalogue of its components' defects, but in its very conception. Even before Harold Prince determined to find a vehicle suitable for the precise talents of Georgia Brown and settled on this particular omnium-gatherum of melodramatic wheezes, Romain Gary had piled the Pellion of a Jewish mother/concentration-camp survivor on the Ossa of a gold-hearted prostitute dying of the disease peculiar to that profession. By way of a Napoleonic self-coronation as the most cynical of all literary schlockmeisters, Gary had brought out the novel, *La Vie Devant Soi*, pseudonymously and revealed his authorship only after it had won a major literary award. Then it was made into a successful movie. Truly, Harold Prince is not to be blamed for supposing he had a fail-safe package.

What seems to have gone wrong is what has been going wrong lately on the political scene, particularly with the Iran/*contra* hearings. The packagers of popular untruths seem to operate on the premise that the public has an appetite for falsehood in proportion to its brazenness, that we will all rush to buy Isuzus because their TV ads are *wholly* preposterous. But even with an Isuzu there is an unspoken assumption that though the ads are silly, the vehicle itself is serviceable. One cannot make a similar assumption with regard to *Roza*. The plot's a whopper—but it's not much fun. Georgia Brown was at least as good as Oliver North, and her voice even had that same becoming quaver, the showbiz semaphore for Very Sincere. But her companions seemed to have as little confidence or talent as Poindexter, Meese and Fawn Hall. The most inept of them, the two Momos—Max Loving and Alex Paez—ages 13 and 17, crooned into their concealed mikes with precisely the same degree of mechanical schmaltz. As for their acting, body-snatchers simulating human emotions for the very first time could not have been less convincing.

The question remains, Could *Roza* have been a hit? I don't think so, and for one simple reason. There's no Christmas angle. If Act I had ended with everyone evicted onto the streets of Paris on Christmas Eve but being brave about it and smiling through, then maybe *Roza*

might have become a hit; but then there's the question of whether Parisian Jewish-mother prostitutes actually do celebrate Christmas, so a scene like that might have strained credibility. On the other hand, it might have saved the show. □

FILMS.

TERRENCE RAFFERTY

Someone to Watch Over Me

Ridley Scott's *Someone to Watch Over Me* has all the usual elements of the urban thriller—cop, psycho, threatened women—but its style is silky, lulling as a bedtime story. The story is simple enough for a child to understand. Mike Keegan (Tom Berenger), a Queens cop newly promoted to detective and transferred to Manhattan, is given the assignment of protecting rich, beautiful Claire Gregory (Mimi Rogers), who has witnessed a murder. He has the graveyard shift, so he gets home from long nights of sitting in the marbled foyer of Claire's posh apartment just in time to see his wife (Lorraine Bracco) go off to work and his son to school. The killer, a shadowy monster played by Andreas Katsulas, makes the inevitable attempts to break through the police shield and silence the witness, and all the while Mike and Claire are falling guiltily in love—an unlikely romance born of the strange intimacy of protector and protected. And their relationship gives the killer an opening. He can use Mike's family, who are unguarded, to get at the cop, and Mike himself to get at Claire; emotionally, everyone's defenses have collapsed, and they're all vulnerable. Ordinarily, this sort of plot would be simply a pretext to hang a couple of chase scenes and some subjective camera stalking sequences on. But Scott, who directed wizardly action sequences in *Alien* and *Blade Runner*, here treats the thriller stuff almost casually. We can feel him holding back, even when he has the opportunity for a big, showy set-piece—a chase in the great spiral of the Guggenheim Museum, a *Lady From Shanghai*-like shootout in the mirrored dressing room of Claire's apartment. He sacrifices everything to set design, seductive camera movement and a mood of doomed ardor that's straight out of 1940s movies and other, older legends.

Although Scott doesn't quite pull it

off, the movie is fascinating—the work of a tremendously skilled commercial filmmaker who is, in every sense except the technical, an innocent. The strange grip we feel beneath this picture's semibanal storyline is the tension between the director's visual sophistication and the shockingly pure romanticism of his temperament. *Someone to Watch Over Me* is his first film with a contemporary setting, and the simplicity of its emotions leaves Scott more vulnerable than usual. In the past, he's protected himself with elaborate stylization. His first film, *The Duellists*, was a fable about, of all things, honor, a theme that Scott's masterly evocation of the Napoleonic era actually managed to put over. His next two, *Alien* and *Blade Runner*, were set in meticulously crafted science-fiction worlds, fantastic machines driven by very basic—almost primitive—narrative and philosophical notions. His last movie, *Legend*, was perhaps the most stylized of all—a high fantasy with an ornate Arthur Rackham look to it, full of unicorns, flowing-tressed maidens and horned embodiments of Evil—but in a way that emphasized, rather than disguised, the naïveté of Scott's imagination; he went all the way with the dumb, self-consciously “mythic” ideas in William Hjortsberg's script, and the intensity of his conviction made the movie a true folly, more embarrassing than if it had been directed by someone less gifted or committed. *Someone to Watch Over Me* risks ridicule, too, for a different reason: Its dignity and sweet nature seem almost ludicrous in this genre and this setting. This is a movie in which everybody except the villain acts terribly decently in the most dangerous, trying circumstances—it's shamelessly noble, in the pulp romantic mode of *Casablanca*. Will audiences actually buy this?

It doesn't matter much if they do. But, in the current atmosphere of pop culture, it's hard not to root for Scott's old-fashioned heroic hokum against, say, the vile, cynical schlock of Adrian Lyne—another British director with a background in commercials, whose own New York City thriller, *Fatal Attraction*, is an enormous hit. *Fatal Attraction*, about a married lawyer hounded by an unbalanced career woman with whom he had a brief affair, is a real 1980s entertainment: slick, heartless, upscale, dehumanizing. It's like *The Story of Adele H.* rewritten by Jim Thompson and directed by Helmut Newton—every-

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body in the movie is sleazy, and we're supposed to be turned on by watching them use and abuse one another. (The movie isn't even very suspenseful, because the nastiness is so relentlessly predictable, the latest cliché about human behavior.) In this context, Scott's urban fairy tale seems rather a brave rear-guard action. Baldly stated, Claire in her ritzy apartment is the good queen in her castle, the killer's a dragon and the cop is her knight. This world may not exist, but it offers a bit more nourishment to the imagination than the kinky yuppie inferno of *Fatal Attraction*—which doesn't exist, either.

What gives *Someone to Watch Over Me* its odd conviction, as popular entertainment, is Scott's identification with his hero. His working-stiff cop is like a daring, heroic little boy: He's just doing a job, and muddling along amiably as husband and father, but he takes his responsibilities very seriously—he wants to save everybody from the world's dangers. His boy-scout earnestness is faintly silly; as Berenger plays him, his sincerity frequently looks like simple-mindedness. And he reacts to Claire's Manhattan beautiful-people milieu with child-like awe, as if he'd been granted entry to a fantasy world, a real castle. Inside this fantasy, he's awfully susceptible: having imagined himself as knight, it's almost his duty to fall in love with the queen. (Scott, in interviews, has admitted to being a great admirer of Bresson's *Lancelot of the Lake*.) Going all the way with his fantasy fouls up his life but, in some weird way, the two realms he finds himself straddling aren't really in opposition—his role as Claire's lover/protector is simply a heightened expression of his more mundane roles as policeman and middle-class family man (whose home is his castle). Scott gives his hero's bind a real urgency, a passionate concentration that's out of proportion to the rather straightforward demands of Howard Franklin's screenplay. He knows plenty about the kind of dilemma Mike Keegan is in; he's spent most of his career, as a director of commercials and feature films, trying to satisfy everybody and looking for ways to express his airy, romantic spirit without appearing a fool.

His technique is so sure and confident that we feel very well taken care of in *Someone to Watch Over Me*, but the movie's charm and professionalism don't quite make Ridley Scott the savior of popular filmmaking. He's in a worse bind

than his hero. When he tries to please everybody—audiences, clients, whom-ever—his gestures can seem futile, quixotic; his visual style is too good for trash. But when he works in the realm of his own fantasies, without constraints, his craft isn't enough—as *Legend* demonstrated, he doesn't have the rigorous imagination of a great film artist. His new movie, touchingly, imagines a contemporary world in which what you do, what you love and what you dream are reconciled. That's no more likely in Hollywood than it is in Manhattan or Queens, but it gives this picture a core of feeling—an innocence that makes us feel protective toward it. □

FILMS.

MICHAEL MASSING

Mandela

Jerry Falwell and Winnie Mandela have little in common, but they do share a dislike for *Mandela*, a new film being aired this fall by Home Box Office. Falwell urged his supporters to boycott HBO for a month to protest this exercise in "Communist propaganda." Halfway around the globe, Mandela condemned the film for invading her privacy. According to conventional wisdom, if you're attacked by both sides, you must be doing something right. Well, not necessarily.

Mandela, now being shown throughout the English-speaking world (except for South Africa), begins auspiciously enough. A young Nelson Mandela, played by Danny Glover, hops off a train in a remote village. Suitcase in hand, he moves from door to door seeking recruits for the African National Congress. Wary at first, the villagers gradually warm up to this energetic young organizer, and soon Mandela is standing before a crowd of several hundred, exhorting them to enlist in the cause.

The film traces Mandela's rise through the ranks of the A.N.C. and the parallel growth of the anti-apartheid movement. We watch as groups of demonstrators assemble, are beaten, and reassemble, their numbers ever-increasing. A.N.C. officials are repeatedly arrested and hauled into court, emerging each time more popular than before. "Your leaders

Michael Massing, a New York writer, visited South Africa last fall.

will continue to fight," Mandela tells a cheering crowd.

These early scenes make it apparent that *Mandela* is no ordinary docudrama. The film has a decidedly authentic feel to it. It was shot in Zimbabwe and used expatriate South Africans as extras. The landscape has that breathlessly rugged look so characteristic of southern Africa; the players have that weary but dignified air that comes with struggle. In addition, the producers have been careful with the details. Mandela, distinctly middle-class, wears nice clothes and owns a car. Antiapartheid protests usually feature a sprinkling of whites among the masses of blacks. The Freedom Charter, that seminal A.N.C. document, is described at length.

Mandela is especially good at chronicling its hero's gradual acceptance of violence. As every peaceful avenue of protest is foreclosed, the A.N.C. is forced to choose between surrender and fighting back. Mandela and his colleagues reluctantly decide on armed struggle. Even then, they design their acts of sabotage so as to minimize bloodshed. Should Falwell's fundamentalists, tempted by Satan, tune in to *Mandela*, they might learn how Pretoria has managed to turn even middle-class lawyers into bomb throwers.

The film's troubles begin with the entrance of young Winnie, played by Alfre Woodard. Not that Woodard turns in a bad performance; in depicting Winnie's transformation from shy social worker to impassioned orator, she is conscientious enough. The problem is that as Nelson becomes wrapped up in Winnie, the film does too, and we are served up detail after intimate detail of their budding relationship. Nelson flirts with Winnie. Winnie girlishly tries on dresses. Nelson and Winnie gambol along a river bank. Violins swell and flutes tweedle. As the courtship turns into marriage, *Mandela* quickly goes from black-liberation epic to love-story idyll.

I appreciate the dilemma faced by the producers of *Mandela*. It is among the first commercially produced films about the crisis in South Africa. Despite all the recent turmoil in that country, many Americans probably still can't find it on a map. One way of making the story accessible is by telling it from the perspective of its protagonists. What better choice than the Mandelas? Mixing the personal and political in a historical film can be tricky, but when done well (the current *Matewan* comes to mind), the effect can be powerful.

And, occasionally, it is in *Mandela*. In the movie's best-crafted scene, Nelson and Winnie, on their first date, have lunch at an Indian restaurant. It's Winnie's first go at curry, and, gently goaded by Nelson, she takes her first bite—only to explode in a fit of coughing. Nelson tries to help, but his attention is suddenly diverted by a restaurant patron who comes up to ask his aid in a legal case. Anxious to tend to his date, Nelson asks the man to stop by his office the next day. But a second stranger approaches Nelson, then a third and a fourth, and before long he is hopelessly surrounded. Winnie watches through teary but worshipful eyes, all the while gulping down glasses of water. The scene is funny and touching at the same time—a fine glimpse into the all-consuming nature of the struggle in South Africa.

As the film stretches on, though, such arresting moments become scarce. There's a perverse logic at work here: The more dramatic Nelson's political life becomes, the more the film dwells on his love life. Nelson goes underground, plants bombs, is put on trial for treason—and Winnie is always there, to have and to hold. The film turns quite maudlin. "I didn't marry a man, I married a struggle," Winnie proclaims. "There's so little time to love you." "I can hardly breathe at the thought of seeing you."

Such teariness is eventually interrupted by Nelson's banishment to Robben Island. But then the movie runs into another problem: how to make a film about someone doomed to spend most of his adult life in prison. Here is Nelson working in the quarry. Here is Nelson huddled in his cell. Here is Nelson crying "Amandla" into an empty corridor. The monotony is broken only by visits from Winnie, but these, too, soon become routine.

Meanwhile, the dramatic events shaking South Africa are taking place off-stage. *Mandela* is forced to resort to that most tired of cinematic techniques—the use of fake radio broadcasts to announce the march of history. The film takes two hours to wend its way to 1976 and the Soweto uprising, and even that momentous event is only used to show Winnie's emergence as a leader in her own right. That leaves fifteen minutes for the past decade, which goes by in a blur. The movie unaccountably ends in 1985, just as the current round of violence is getting underway. As a result, it doesn't even hint at the recent troubles that have beset South Africa's black pol-

itics—the fragmentation, the fratricide, the "necklace."

In the biggest omission of all, the film does not begin to deal with the real dilemma of Nelson Mandela. As he languishes in prison, a new, more radical generation has come to the fore. Weaned on the Soweto uprising, toughened by years of repression, frustrated and impatient, these "comrades" have decided to take matters into their own hands. Their militant, often violent tactics seem a long way from the high-minded ideals of the Freedom Charter. Indeed, that document is now more than thirty years old, and, for many township youths, it must seem old-fashioned. Which gives rise to a troubling question: Has Mandela, the man at the center of the South African struggle, been bypassed by events?

Alas, such matters must await another, more penetrating film. By the end of this mawkish presentation, I felt a lot of sympathy for Winnie Mandela. It's outrageous that a filmmaker would show a woman cooing, swooning and taking her first bite of curry all without asking her permission. Even worse, *Mandela* takes one of the most compelling events of modern times and turns it into the mere backdrop for a silly love story. □

FILMS.

MARK GEVISSER

Girls Apart

With this month's opening of *Sarafina!*, the new South African musical by and about township children, American audiences in the Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater at Lincoln Center will be exposed to the concept of "classroom warriors." South Africa's youth, whether spotty, white and trembling inside apartheid's buglike armored vehicles, or passionate, black and on the streets, are undeniably the foot soldiers of the current civil war.

On this premise, European filmmakers Chris Sheppard and Claude Sauvageot have created a brilliant short documentary titled *Girls Apart*. The film, which PBS is planning to broadcast, explores the lives and nascent ideologies of two 16-year-old South African girls—Sisca, an Afrikaner from Johannesburg, and Sylvia, black and from Soweto.

The girls, both articulate even in a second language, offer alternative nar-

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ratives of their country. As they speak, the filmmakers' own images of those different South Africas appear. Soaring bald shots of skyscrapers are chosen to illustrate Sisca's monotone; Sylvia talks while police kick and shackle protesters. Despite Sylvia's assertion that "Soweto is a very dangerous place," there is poetry to the footage of the township: song, dusk, distance, people dancing in a shebeen. To the shots of Johannesburg, there is just sterility.

Sheppard explains that he chose these two girls because their families are considered politically moderate, well-to-do and "normal" by their communities. They are by no means on opposite ends of a social scale; in any other society, they would probably both be called middle-class. In South Africa, however, they are worlds apart. Sylvia's family is candid, charming and remarkably open-minded, only too happy to have this rare opportunity to express itself. Sisca's, on the other hand, behaves as if it were on trial—it is stiff, puritanical and studied before the camera. Sylvia leads us through her whole house, small and overcrowded but well-furnished and spotless; Sisca stands primly in the hallway and gestures to her family's bedrooms. We are not invited in.

The portraits of the girls themselves, simple full-face head-shots, seem to distill the essential difference between white and black South African youth. Sylvia's features are wildly expressive, monitoring each impulse as it springs to mind and is articulated. Sisca's face is a blank: the hollow ideology that she

spouts is as bland as her pretty gray eyes. She is the perfect incarnation of apartheid—self-assured, flawed, bored and terminally adolescent.

She is, in fact, so perfect that she defies credibility. Her unquestioning regurgitation of government rhetoric is, of course, far from unusual in South Africa, but at first it does not seem possible that Sheppard and Sauvageot could have captured so pure an example. Once Sisca's environment unfolds around her, however, it becomes obvious that she is not an actress reeling off a script but a rather pathetic receptacle for her society's dogma. At church she watches wide-eyed as the minister drones, "Honor your mother and father. . . . Honor all authority. That will mean that you will live peacefully and have a good and stable government. Because the members of the government also had a father and a mother who chastised them when they were small, and that is why they became such good rulers."

Just in case we have any doubt, Sisca's tight-lipped father clarifies things for us. "As an Afrikaner, I grew up in a house which supported the Nationalist Party," he says. "Very soon, Sisca will have the right to vote. Because we're a closely knit family . . . I would expect that when she votes, she will support the Nationalist Party." Feeling for the first time a little uneasy before the camera, his daughter allows the faintest trace of vulnerability to blush her alabaster features: "Many people have criticized me by saying that I do not know as much

about political affairs in South Africa as I should know," she says, "but I excuse myself by saying that I love art and drama and as an artist I don't need to know about the political affairs of the land—I'll leave that to my husband or father or whatever."

Sylvia, on the other hand, has a purpose. At 16 she has been arrested, detained and tortured; she has even escaped custody. "I decided to take a risk and make this film," she says—merely opening her mouth endangers her existence. In the final sequence, she leads a funeral procession commemorating the death of a 17-year-old comrade. For this footage alone the film should be seen: the camera, getting in beneath the mourner/protesters, manages to convey both the gravity and the barely suppressed energy of the occasion.

Larry Adelman of the Southern Africa Media Center, which distributes *Girls Apart*, insists that his company's films should be evaluated not simply in terms of aesthetic worth or even political message but in terms of their effectiveness as educational media. "We see video distribution," he says, "as an effort to develop grass-roots foreign policy." The center's films (which include the famous *Witness to Apartheid*) have all been carefully chosen to help mold such a policy—one which decries constructive engagement and calls for divestment and sanctions. As such, they are, like *Girls Apart*, necessarily unsubtle. A recurrent theme in almost all of them is the land's dryness, its harshness. Perhaps the most compelling image in *Girls Apart*, for example, is the baked red earth scraped up and scattered over the murdered comrade's casket. But while basking in South Africa's direct and often brutal sunlight, these films often fail to capture its shade: the nuances and subtleties that are occasionally recorded by Sheppard and Sauvageot's camera as it roves around shopping malls and street parades. These, perhaps, have the greatest educational potential of all: *Girls Apart* works best when it humanizes the raw political fact that a white girl and a black girl are set, by apartheid, in intractably violent opposition.

For information about *Girls Apart*, contact the Southern Africa Media Center, 630 Natoma Street, San Francisco, CA 94103, (415) 621-6196. An excellent catalogue of films on Southern Africa is obtainable from Media Network, 208 West 13th Street, New York, NY 10011, (212) 620-0877. □

SPRING SEWING

I had almost forgotten how it was
this time of year
in the fabric corner of the Ben Franklin store

when spring was in the smell of a bolt of cloth.
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and we would test their flowers

against our pale winter faces. It was a place
of women, mothers and daughters and the possibilities
of the new bolt, yards of it unrolled

into an afternoon when the pattern, exquisitely folded,
would be opened front and back, bodice and yoke.
It was all the afternoons of fittings,

my mother's hands like a stranger's, nevertheless,
my mother's hands smoothing my shoulders,
making me over, stitch by stitch.

Florence Grossman

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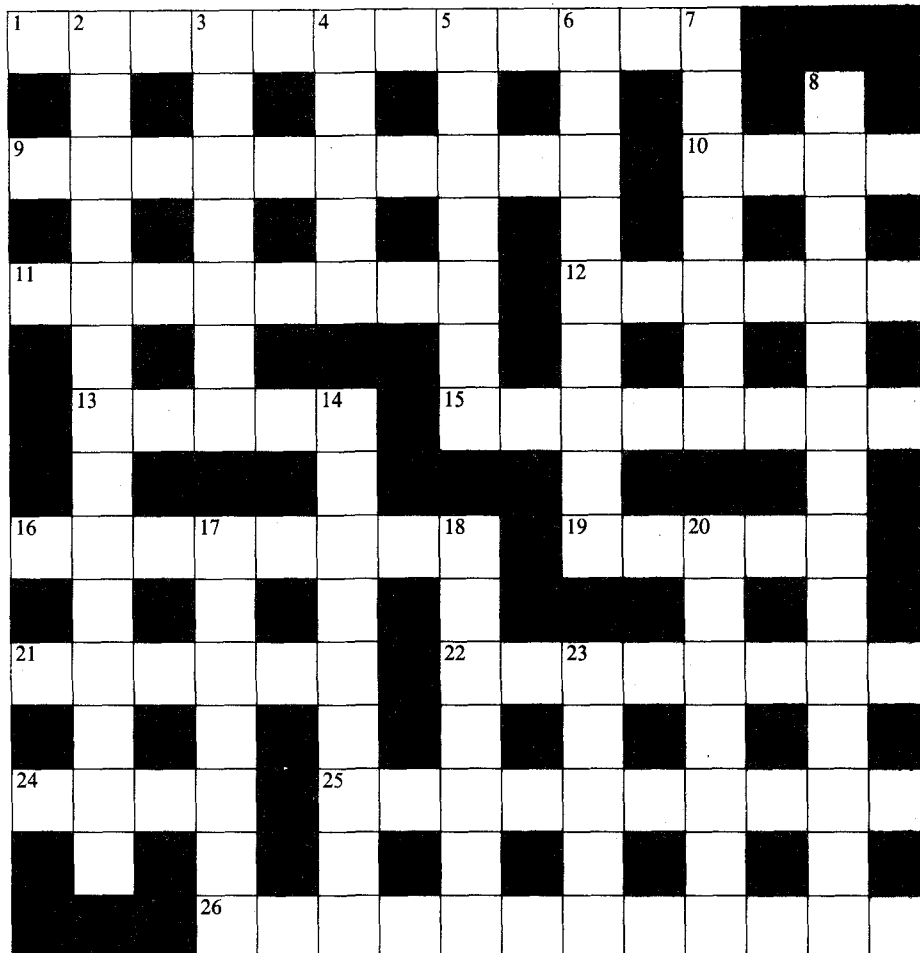
SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2168

C	A	S	H	O	N	V	E	R	B	A	L	L	Y
A	P	N	P	L	L	E	I						
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O	V	E	T	T	L	E	R						
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FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

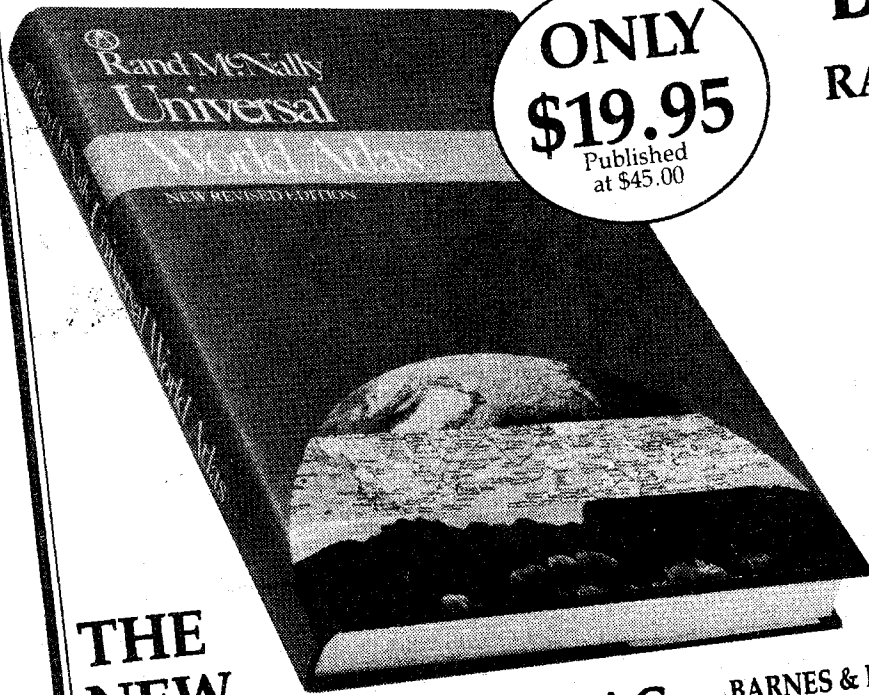
- 1 A worker, painfully making a decision—which is acting disputatiously. (12)
- 9 Spirituality returns when you see the chemists send raw nitrogen out! (10)
- 10 Has sown discord? (4)
- 11 and 12 A frankfurter, as they say, goes in them—being quite the rage finally. (One doesn't give up easily!) (3,2,3,6)
- 13 Get set for the attack—especially at table, if someone says it. (3,2)
- 15 Only a fool would come back in to slide on the dance floor—or make a slide on the ice. (8)
- 16 A common girl to appear on the stage with less than a hundred describes the way, up in the sky. (8)
- 19 What the impatient do with a bit of a winner, obviously! (5)
- 21 The piper's son is certainly something to beat! (6)
- 22 Is nothing square? Quite the opposite to describe certain athletes. (3-5)
- 24 Strangely enough, they are sometimes even. (4)
- 25 One who assumes responsibility for the job—but people are not quick to be sent to his place of business. (10)
- 26 The nitty-gritty? (The solver gets crazy, as they say, and runs away!) (4,3,5)
- 3 Stopping to make a sack with a can inside? (7)
- 4 It is said in Paris "I don't" when in trouble. (2,3)
- 5 One sank the unsinkable. (7)
- 6 One might find the rest isn't easy! (9)
- 7 Are there reasons for such being the dregs? (7)
- 8 Place in a grave position one who might cut your taxes, when mutually relying on each other? (14)
- 14 Certainly not the gross catch of the fisherman. (3,6)
- 17 It might prove a strain for the skilled worker. (7)
- 18 Each lad obviously has trouble in the old place. (7)
- 20 The other name for it sounds like a couple of crocodilians. (7)
- 23 The old city has a cover about it that is terrible in fiery intensity. (5)

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